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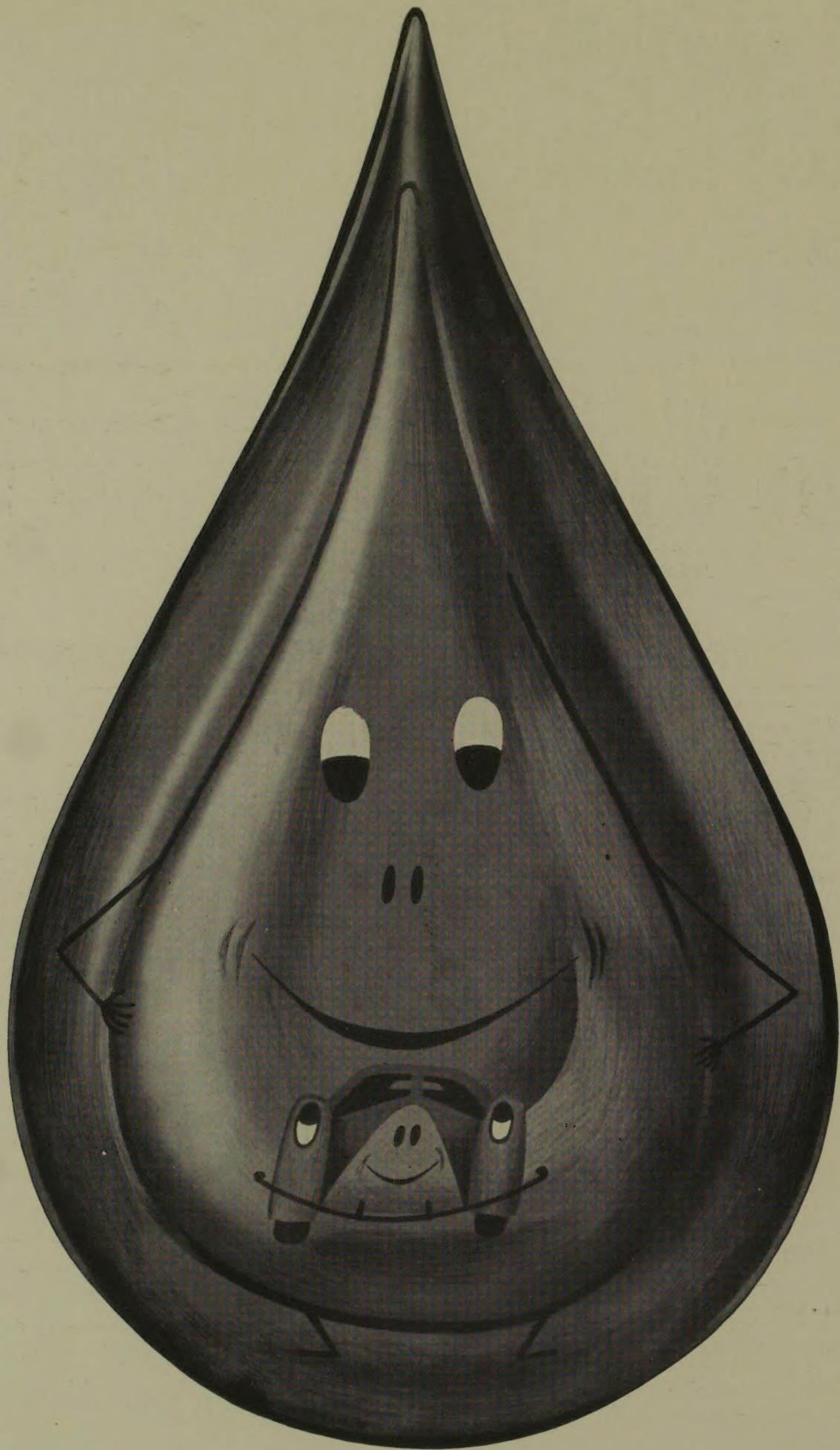
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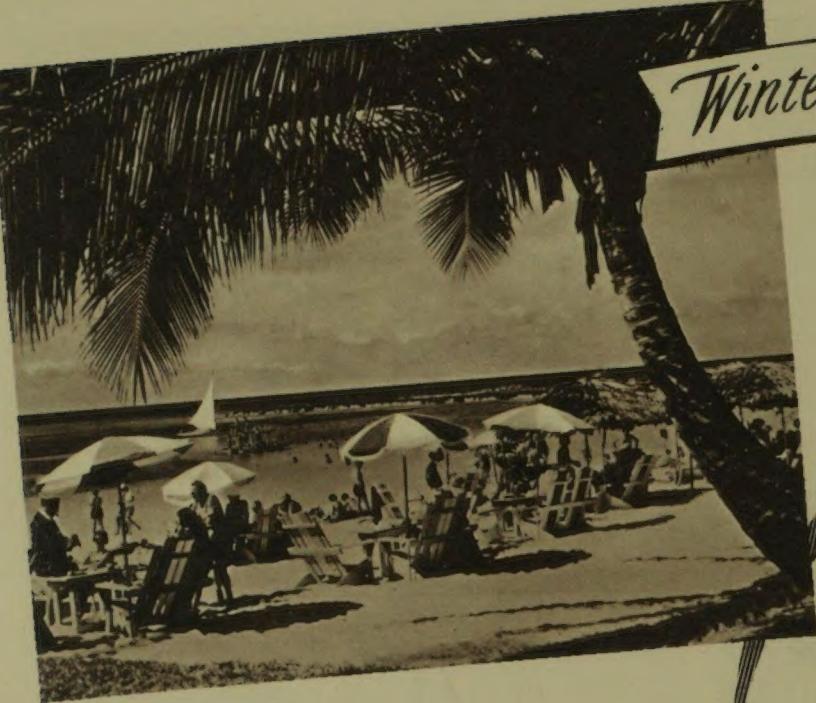
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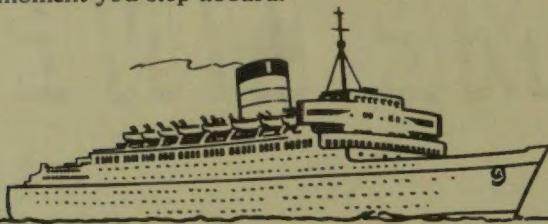


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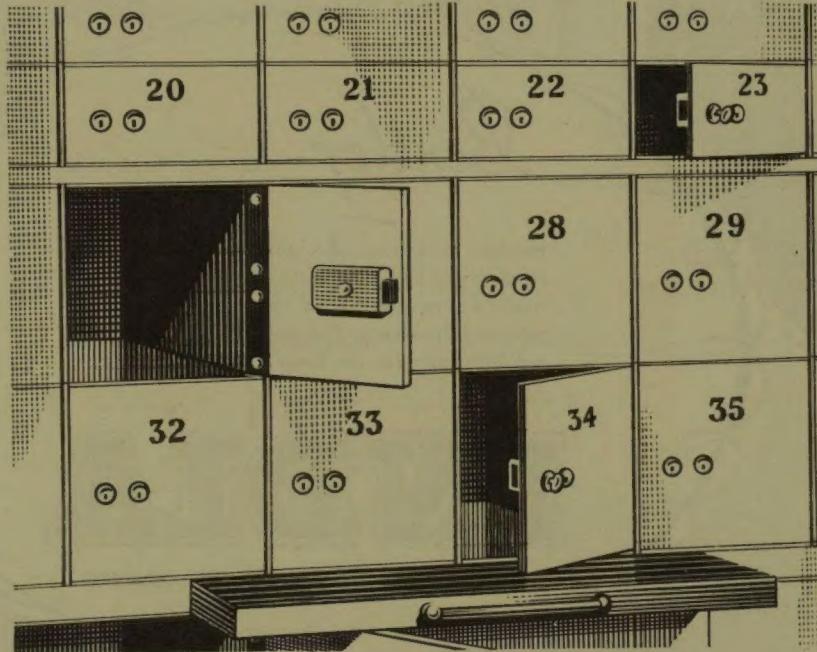
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SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1954.



THE THRILLING FINISH OF THE SECOND-FASTEST MILE RACE EVER RUN: ROGER BANNISTER (ENGLAND) WINNING FROM J. M. LANDY (AUSTRALIA) AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE GAMES IN 3 MINS. 58.8 SECS.

Dr. Roger Bannister (England) beat J. M. Landy (Australia) in the "greatest mile race ever run" on the final day of the British Empire Games at Vancouver. Though he failed by eight-tenths of a second to beat the record set up by Landy at Turku, Finland, in June, he proved himself the greater runner and finer tactician of the two notable rivals. Landy led until 220 yards from home, when it looked as if he had the race won; but Bannister began to creep up,

and in the final 120 yards he gradually went ahead, showing astonishing stamina to beat the Australian in a time of 3 mins. 58.8 secs. This is Bannister's fastest mile, six-tenths of a second better than his Oxford time. Landy's Vancouver time was 3 mins. 59.6 secs. The race was run before the Duke of Edinburgh and a crowd of 35,000. Further photographs of the Games, at which England won twenty-three gold medals, appear on other pages.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AND so the British are to leave Egypt and another nail has been driven into the coffin of the Victorian empire over whose liquidation Sir Winston Churchill declared, with such splendid eloquence, that he did not intend to preside. Most statesmen are able to deal with the logic of facts as they arise without any very obvious appearance of inconsistency : their utterances are pitched at so low and consequently so unmemorable a level and the public's memory is so short, that they can box the compass of their fleeting opinions without their admirers, or even often their opponents, noticing that they have changed position. Sir Winston is less fortunate : he cannot open his mouth without delighting or infuriating his hearers, and his brilliant phrases hang for ever round his neck like jewels or glitter on his breast like the gongs and ribbons of some particularly successful Field Marshal. But the old phrase-maker does not have to worry : he has lived down so many changes and paradoxes in his brilliant, passionate career that charges of inconsistency now only rattle off his armour like pebbles and recoil on their pedantic makers. The British people, a race of sturdy Philistines, though they remember great literary phrases and have certainly produced their fair share of them, have a public schoolboy's contempt for those who coin them or engage in literary composition. But they have long ago discovered that Churchill possesses the qualities they value and admire : courage, endurance, resilience, good humour ; above all, what our eighteenth-century forbears called bottom. And because of these, while they enjoy his brilliant phrases, they do not worry their heads any longer about any seeming discrepancy between them and his actions. They know that their hero is consistent in character and staunch and dependable in adversity, and that is all that matters to them. He can say and do what he pleases. Now that he has reached the frontiers of extreme old age, his place in their esteem and love is far more secure than it was in the hour when he had given them victory in the greatest war of their history. He has attained the same happy eminence in popularity that Palmerston reached in his latter years : that game old man who with his jaunty mien, sturdy common sense, countryman's straw between his lips and *soubriquet* of Cupid was the idol of mid-Victorian England. "Nothing," I have written of the latter elsewhere, "could shake his hold on the British people. They loved him for his brisk contempt for foreign ways and threats, for his English balance, for his unshakable individualism, for his courage and assurance—an old admiral cut out of oak, the figure-head of a seventy-four-gun ship in a Biscay squall." That familiar figure—the tilted white hat, tight-buttoned coat, cane, dyed whiskers—riding down Piccadilly before breakfast or rising to jest or bluff away an awkward situation in the House, gave the English confidence in themselves. They saw him as their glorious prototype—both liberal and tory, jingo and crusader—the game old cock whom *Punch*, voicing the national sentiment, apostrophized on his seventy-seventh birthday :

"An Irish Lord my John was born,
Both dullness and duns he held in scorn,
But he stood for Cambridge at twenty-one,
My gallant, gay John Palmerston !

With his hat o'er his eyes and his nose in the air,
So jaunty and genial and debonair,
Talk at him—to him—against him—none
Can take a rise out of Palmerston.

And suppose his parish registers say
He's seventy-seven if he's a day :
What's that, if you're still all fire and fun
Like Methuselah or John Palmerston ?"

It is just so that, in a vastly different world, we all, regardless of politics, feel to-day about Winston Churchill. The hour of fate may have struck for him, but like the game old man himself we refuse to accept the fact and want to keep him with us, whatever changes fate brings, for all time.

Yet for anyone brought up in the Churchillian conception of Empire, the surrender of our guardianship of the Suez Canal and Nile Valley is a

bitter dose to swallow. No wonder that Captain Waterhouse and his Tory stalwarts refused it. That Churchill of all men should lead the Government that signed away our trusteeship of that strategic key of empire is an astonishing circumstance ; it is Robert Peel repealing the Corn Laws or Wellington trying to pass the Reform Bill. The Churchill saga has always been intimately and dramatically associated with Britain's guardianship of the Nile Valley. It was here that he won his first spurs, both military and literary, charged with the Lancers at Omdurman, and wrote his first brilliant historical book, "The River War." And it was here that his prescient mind lived most to rest in the crisis of the great war with which his name will for ever be associated. Even when he was coining the great phrases that rallied Britain and the free world in the apocalyptic summer of 1940 he was seeing, far beyond the embattled squadrons in the air above London, the winding river, the green delta and the tawny pyramids and deserts among which, as he comprehended so clearly, the future of the world was to be decided. His resolution to reinforce Wavell in the desperate autumn of 1940, when Britain itself was awaiting invasion, was one of the most brave and wisest in our history. It made General O'Connor's wonderful campaign in the Western Desert possible and laid the foundations of all the victories that followed. So did his dramatic visit to Egypt after the loss of Tobruk in 1942, and the appointment of Bernard Montgomery to command the Eighth Army.

Yet though, as one who grew up in the sunset glories of that wonderful Victorian empire, I feel the tragedy of the abdication, I am bound to admit that what is happening may not only be inevitable but right. Once we abandoned our trusteeship in the Sudan—a moral surrender, as it seemed to me at the time, and whose consequences I still fear—the chief motive of principle for opposing Egyptian nationalist aspirations ceased to exist. The control of the Suez Canal and Nile Delta is a military, not a moral, matter. In the strategic and technological conditions of 1940 that control was vital to our existence and the defence of human freedom. If those who direct our military policy no longer regard a peacetime army in Egypt as necessary, there seems not only no reason for keeping one there but a good many, in view of our limited and overstrained resources, for keeping it elsewhere. Circumstances, not eternal principles, dictate strategy ; in 1940, for instance, as in 1798, it was vital for us to maintain a strong fleet in the Mediterranean ; in 1914 it was not. What we permanently want in the Middle East is friendship and goodwill ; Palmerston once remarked that Britain no more needed to occupy Egypt to safeguard her communications than a gentleman with an estate in Scotland and another in southern England needed to own all the post-houses along the Great North Road. The

important thing now, as the Foreign Secretary said in the House in announcing the Treaty, is that we should try to establish genuine friendship with Egypt in place of the relationship that has existed under the different conditions of the past eighty years. And the change in those circumstances as the result of the revolutionary scientific achievements of the past few years has been staggering : in the Prime Minister's words, they "make the thoughts which were well-founded a year ago obsolete—absolutely obsolete." The advent of the hydrogen bomb, the Government has declared, has "put a premium on dispersion as against concentration." If this is true of military concentrations, it must be equally true of civilian concentrations, for it is unthinkable that a heathen aggressor would, out of Christian scruples, forgo the priceless opportunity of dealing the free world a fatal blow by knocking out the congested and vulnerable population of this formerly secure and now desperately exposed island. And if Churchill, with his resolution and eloquence, were, regardless of age and difficulties, to launch a crusade for distributing the British people more evenly through the underpopulated areas of the English-speaking Commonwealth, he would end his great career by presiding, not over the liquidation of the Victorian empire, but over the consolidation of another richer, stronger and more glorious. It would restore to the British race the security that has been the foundation of their liberties and of their usefulness to mankind.



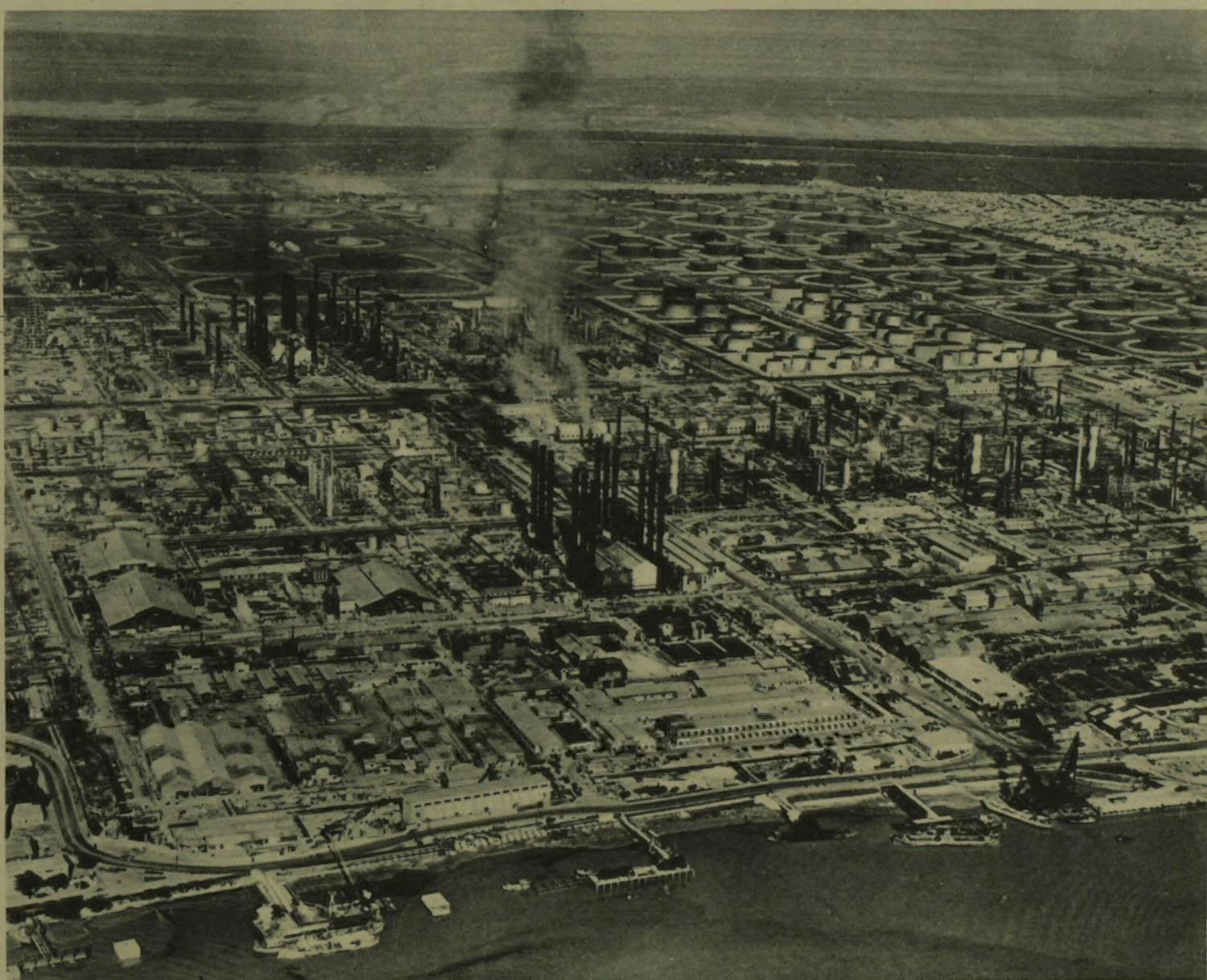
THE ENDING OF THE THREE-YEAR-OLD OIL DISPUTE BETWEEN THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY AND PERSIA : DR. ALI AMINI, THE PERSIAN FINANCE MINISTER, READING A STATEMENT TO THE PRESS AT THE SATISFACTORY CONCLUSION OF THE OIL NEGOTIATIONS AT ELAHIEH.

On August 5 the three-year-old oil dispute between the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and Persia ended when agreements were initialised which "will restore the flow of Iranian oil to the world markets in substantial quantities." The agreements were concluded after four months of negotiations in Teheran. A consortium of eight companies, including Anglo-Iranian and American, Dutch and French companies, will operate the industry. The agreement, which provides for compensation to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, has now to be voted on in the Majlis. In a statement, Dr. Amini, the Persian Finance Minister and leader of the Persian team, paid a tribute to the Western Powers who had devised the idea of the consortium, and praised Mr. Howard Page, chief representative of the consortium, for his magnificent conduct of the negotiations. It is estimated that in about two-months' time Persian oil will again be flowing into the international market. Our photograph shows Dr. Amini reading his statement to the Press at Elahieh ; standing next to him is Mr. Howard Page, chief representative of the consortium, and others who took part in the negotiations. Aerial photographs of the great refinery at Abadan appear elsewhere in this issue.

It is just so that, in a vastly different world, we all, regardless of politics, feel to-day about Winston Churchill. The hour of fate may have struck for him, but like the game old man himself we refuse to accept the fact and want to keep him with us, whatever changes fate brings, for all time.



UNDER the terms of the settlement of the three-year-old Persian oil dispute large-scale operations at Abadan are to be resumed as quickly as possible. Details of the agreement for ending the dispute, which arose from the nationalisation of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's great Persian enterprise were published in Teheran on August 5. Before nationalisation Persia was producing 32,000,000 tons of crude oil a year and Abadan was refining 24,000,000 tons of this. After nationalisation, production slumped to about 1,000,000 tons, of which only 132,000 tons were exported between July 1951 and June 1953. Under the terms of the agreement the industry will be operated by a consortium of eight companies and the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company will receive compensation of £25,000,000 from Persia, a 40 per cent. holding in the operating company, and payments from the other members of the consortium in consideration of their 60 per cent holding. Although no official figure has been given, it has been reported that the sum involved may amount to £214,000,000. On page 242 we show a photograph of Dr. Ali Amini, the Persian Finance Minister, reading a statement to the Press at the final satisfactory conclusion of the oil negotiations at Elahieh which preceded the settlement.



POTENTIALLY THE GREATEST OIL REFINERY IN THE WORLD FROM WHICH PERSIAN OIL WILL FLOW ONCE AGAIN TO INTERNATIONAL MARKETS : AERIAL VIEWS OF ABADAN, WHICH FRONTS ON TO THE SHATT EL ARAB RIVER.

ROYAL AND MILITARY OCCASIONS, AND DR. JOHN IN EAST GERMANY.



AT SANDHURST : FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY PRESENTING THE SWORD OF HONOUR TO SENIOR UNDER-OFFICER B. L. G. KENNY.



INSPECTING THE SOVEREIGN'S PARADE AT THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, SANDHURST : FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY WHO TOOK THE SALUTE, AND ADDRESSED THE PARADE.

The Duchess of Kent, with Princess Alexandra, was present at the Sovereign's Parade at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, on August 5, when her son, the Duke of Kent, was among the cadets on parade. Field Marshal Lord Montgomery took the salute on behalf of the Queen. Among the guests were Field Marshal Sir John Harding, C.I.G.S., and Lady Harding, General Sir Gerald and Lady Templer, and General Sir Brian Robertson.



ON THE WAY TO EUSTON EN ROUTE FOR BALMORAL : H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER WITH THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND PRINCESS ANNE AFTER LEAVING CLARENCE HOUSE ON AUGUST 5.



AFTER GREETING THE QUEEN MOTHER ON HER FIFTY-FOURTH BIRTHDAY : PRINCESS ANNE LEAVING CLARENCE HOUSE ON AUGUST 4.

On August 4, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother celebrated her 54th birthday and the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne were driven up from Windsor to have tea with their grandmother. In the evening the Queen Mother, with the Queen and Princess Margaret, went to the Royal Court Theatre to see "Airs on a Shoestring."



THE QUEEN IN THE EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE : HER MAJESTY INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AFTER LANDING AT DRIFFIELD R.A.F. STATION.
The Queen flew to Balmoral on August 7 from Yorkshire, where she had been the guest for two days of Sir Richard and Lady Sykes at Sledmere. At Balmoral her Majesty joined Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne, who had arrived from London by train on the previous day.



OUTSIDE A CAFÉ IN STALIN-ALLEE, IN EAST BERLIN : DR. OTTO JOHN (CENTRE), THE FORMER WEST GERMAN SECURITY CHIEF, WHO DISAPPEARED ON JULY 20.
This photograph of Dr. John, former head of the West German Security Service, was published on August 6 by *Taegliche Rundschau*, the Soviet newspaper in East Berlin. Dr. Adenauer's Ministry of the Interior has offered a reward of 500,000 marks (£41,600) for information about Dr. John's disappearance.



AT RIVERS, MANITOBA, WHERE HE SAW PARATROOPS IN TRAINING : THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH MAJOR D. C. JOHNSON, CHIEF INSTRUCTOR OF THE AIR SUPPLY SCHOOL.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN CANADA: SOME HIGHLIGHTS OF THE ROYAL VISIT.



AT VICTORIA, CAPITAL OF BRITISH COLUMBIA : THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PRESENTING A SWORD TO CADET CAPTAIN MORRISON HEWITT AT THE ROYAL NAVAL DOCKYARD. HE PRESENTED AWARDS TO FIVE OTHER CADETS OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY AND RESERVE.



AT THE ESQUIMALT BASE OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN NAVY, NEAR VICTORIA : A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE AS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH TOOK THE SALUTE.



AT KEMANO : THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN THE HEART OF MOUNT DUBOSE IN WHICH THE LARGEST UNDERGROUND POWER-HOUSE IN THE WORLD IS SITUATED. FROM KEMANO POWER IS CONVEYED ACROSS KILDALA PASS TO KITIMAT.



HAVING HIS SHOE CHECKED FOR ATOMIC RADIATION : THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE CHALK RIVER ATOMIC ENERGY STATION.

Continued.

a capsule inside, similar to the balls rolled in a reactor—this, he was assured, was not radioactive. On August 1, the Duke broke his long westward flight from Ottawa to Vancouver at Rivers, Manitoba, where he paid a visit to the joint air training station, where many members of the R.A.F. received wartime training.

H. R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who left this country by air on July 28 for a three-weeks tour of Canada, spent over three hours on July 30 at the most closely guarded project in Canada, the atomic energy development centre at Chalk River, Ontario. At the end of his visit a Geiger counter detected that he had picked up a slight amount of atomic radiation, which scientists said was harmless. As a souvenir of his visit the Duke was presented with a paper-weight in the form of a model of an irradiation ball with

[Continued below.]



IN THE ALUMINIUM SMELTER PLANT AT KITIMAT : THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH LOOKING AT THE FIRST ALUMINIUM BAR Poured AND MOULDED AT "ALCAN."

The Duke's one-day visit to Victoria on August 2 was devoted mainly to the Royal Canadian Navy at their Esquimalt base. On August 2 the Duke arrived at Kemano, where he saw the biggest underground power-house in the world; he then flew to Kitimat, to visit the huge aluminium-producing "Alcan" project.

THE EMPIRE GAMES AT WHICH ENGLAND BECAME "UNOFFICIAL CHAMPION": GOLD MEDALLISTS, THRILLS, AND TRAGEDY.



WINNER OF THE LONG JUMP WITH 24 FT. 8 IN., A GAMES RECORD, AND THE HOP, STEP AND JUMP WITH 24 FT. 8 IN.



WINNING THE MEN'S 100 YARDS IN 9.6 SEC., EQUAL TO THE GAMES RECORD: M. AGOSTINO (TRINIDAD; SECOND FROM LEFT), WITH DON MACARLANE (CANADA) [LEFT], SECOND, BEYOND AGOSTINO ARE (L. TO R.) E. AJADO (NIGERIA), FOURTH; H. NELSON (CANADA) AND M. HOGAN (AUSTRALIA), THIRD.

ENGLAND may be said to have become "unofficial champion" of the Nations of the Commonwealth this year as the result of her success in the Vancouver Empire Games, at which members of her team were awarded twenty-four gold medals. Australia took second place, with twenty gold medals, and Canada and South Africa were third and fourth. On our front page, given above, is a photograph of the wonderful mile race won by Dr. Roger Bannister from the Australian Landy, and on these pages we give some notable moments in the course of the great athletic meeting, during which many games records were set up. Personal best performances by English athletes included the Long Jump and the Hop, Step and Jump records by the Galleca-bone K. S. Wilmshurst, the fine Pole Vault by G. Elliott, and the high jump gold medal with 14 ft. 9 in. Miss Yvette Williams of New Zealand, was the winner of three gold medals, the Long Jump with 24 ft. 11 in., the Discus with 16 ft. 9 in., and Putting the Weight with 45 ft. 9½ in. Mrs. Marjorie Jackson-Nelson (Australia) won the women's 220 yards in 24 sec.

to equal the figure she herself had previously accomplished which awaits ratification as a world record. She also won the 100 yards, and was in the winning relay running team. The gloom of the last day of the Games was somewhat marred by the tragic finish of the Marathon race. J. H. Peters, the great English runner, reached the Stadium over a mile ahead of the other runners, but after 20 miles, in the great heat, he was so exhausted that he fell. He struggled to his feet and attempted to complete the course, fell and rose once more, only to cross the finishing-line used for other races, not for the Marathon, and thus failed to complete the course. The Duke of Edinburgh entered the stadium later in good shape, and took first place, ahead of J. Mekler (South Africa). The Duke of Edinburgh was present at the Games to see the events of the final day, and like every other spectator, obviously concerned at the collapse of J. H. Peters when so near victory in the Marathon.



WINNING THE SIX MILES IN 29 MINS. 9.4 SEC., A NEW GAMES RECORD: P. B. DRIVER (ENGLAND) THE A.A.A. CHAMPION (CENTRE), WITH F. D. SANDO (ENGLAND) 2ND, AND J.-H. PETERS (ENGLAND), 3RD, JUST BEHIND HIM ON THE OPENING DAY.



WINNING THE THREE-MILE EVENT IN THE RECORD TIME OF 13 MINS. 35.2 SEC.: C. J. CHATAWAY (ENGLAND), WITH HIS COMPATRIOTS F. D. SANDO (L.), 3RD, AND F. GREEN, 2ND.



WINNING THE WOMEN'S PUTTING THE WEIGHT WITH A GAMES RECORD OF 45 FT. 9½ IN.: MISS Y. WILLIAMS (NEW ZEALAND), WINNER OF TWO OTHER GOLD MEDALS.



CLEARING THE WOMEN'S HIGH JUMP AT 5 FT. 6 IN. TO ESTABLISH A NEW BRITISH EMPIRE GAMES RECORD: MISS THELMA HOPKINS (NORTHERN IRELAND).



THE TRAGIC FINISH OF THE MARATHON: J. H. PETERS (ENGLAND), WHO WAS MORE THAN A MILE AHEAD OF THE SIXTEEN OTHER RUNNERS, COLLAPSING AS HE ENTERED THE STADIUM IN THE INTENSE HEAT. HE STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET, FELL AGAIN AND ROSE, ONLY TO CROSS THE FINISHING-LINE FOR OTHER RACES—not THE MARATHON—and FAILED TO FINISH THE COURSE.



WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S 100-YARD FREE STYLE SWIMMING IN 1 MIN. 57 SEC., A GAMES RECORD: EMANUEL IFEAJUWA (NIGERIA), ETUOLU (UGANDA) AND OSAGIE (NIGERIA) WERE 2ND AND 3RD.



WINNING THE 220 YARDS IN 24 SEC.: MRS. M. JACKSON-NELSON (AUSTRALIA), MISS W. CRIPPS (AUSTRALIA) (PAR R.) WAS 2ND, AND MISS S. HAMPTON (ENGLAND), 3RD (L.).

CHAMPION": GOLD MEDALLISTS, THRILLS, AND TRAGEDY.



WATCHING FIELD AND TRACK EVENTS FROM THE ROYAL BOX: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WITH (LEFT) SIR ARTHUR PORRITT, GAMES CHAIRMAN, AND (RIGHT) FIELD MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER.



WINNER OF THE EMPIRE GAMES WOMEN'S SPRINGBOARD FINALS: WITH 125.76 POINTS: MISS L. MCALAY (AUSTRALIA), WHO SCORED 127.74 POINTS; MISS LONG (ENGLAND).



WINNER OF THE 100 YARDS FREE STYLE SWIMMING: J. HENDRICKS' (AUSTRALIA) (CENTRE) IN 50.0 SEC., A GAMES RECORD; WITH HIS COMPATRIOTS C. J. WELD, 2ND (LEFT), AND R. AURREY, 3RD.



MAKING HIS GAMES RECORD WEIGHT PUT OF 55 FT. 9 IN.: J. PAVELICH (CANADA) WAS SECOND WITH 49 FT. 4 IN.

HITLER'S FOREIGN MINISTER TELLS HIS STORY.

"THE RIBBENTROP MEMOIRS." *Introduction by ALAN BULLOCK.**

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

"HE being dead yet speaketh" may be said of a good many prominent figures of the late war, and we know not what is yet to come. We have had "Hitler's Table-talk" (taken down by an "Accredited Eavesdropper"), Goebbels's "Diaries" (rescued, partly charred, from the ruins of Berlin), Ciano's "Diaries" (rounded off, in prison, when the author was under sentence of death). Hitler talked, and Goebbels wrote, as Socialist Jacobins who were also German Imperialists: neither of them either knew or cared about Europe. Ciano, after peacocking about in offices and uniforms, and playing with fire and his father-in-law, ended as a diarist pleading that he did not want a universal conflagration, and was shocked by the determination of the Nazis to have a war. Towards the end he was trying to "put himself right with posterity." Ribbentrop, with the shadow of the rope over him, tried to do the same thing. He had very few weeks in which to write his memoirs: it is an attestation of a sort of sincerity in this stupid, humourless, conceited fellow, that he should have tried to justify himself. One can't see Hitler trying to do that. He, with his proclamations "I am the greatest German who ever lived" and "Our Reich will last for a thousand years," saw himself as a Wagnerian hero. Towards the end he declared that the German people were not worthy of him and that they deserved their doom; he committed suicide amid a blaze of fire, thinking of himself as a Samson who had pulled down the pillars of the house on himself and his enemies. And he died, in his fifth act, sure of being remembered by "history," of which he was always talking, and not caring at all about "the verdict of history." As long as he got the attention he didn't care twopence about the admiration. The name of "Hitler" would ring down the ages. Perhaps there is something indicative in the fact that his real name was Schickelgruber. In other words, he was "putting on an act" all the time. But it takes a man of great courage and resolution to do that to the death: there is no sillier saying than

in his proper sphere. The publisher says: "Ribbentrop was a late convert to Nazism and first met Hitler in 1932. But against the uneducated lower-middle-class background of the Party, he stood out as a man of social standing and cosmopolitan culture." His "social standing" was improved when he gave himself a "von," to which he was not entitled, although there was a real "von Ribbentrop" family (Goebbels

public in with big lies, and the bigger the better. But it didn't matter: Ribbentrop was dazzled, and, when it came to that, could stand being treated like a dog. When he learnt about the foul things that were being done to the Jews, he reflected that Hitler could not possibly have known about them, and that Himmler had done them secretly.

But there does come a point when he has to admit that even his hero thought of committing atrocities. Hitler wanted to brand all Russian prisoners; European Ribbentrop stopped him. Hitler wanted to murder one Allied prisoner-of-war for every German killed in an air-raid: humane and legal Ribbentrop deterred him. Possibly that is true: but, if so, how can Ribbentrop go, as he went, to the scaffold, utterly loyal to the memory of Hitler, whose bestial savagery he has himself divulged.

At the close there are certain notes about the Nuremberg trials. "Soon after the First World War," says this doomed man, "historians had to admit that the contention of Germany's war guilt could not be sustained; in the same way, fair-minded historians of the future will not be able to dispute that the true causes of the Second World War should not be sought in the lust for war or aggressive intentions of the German people or its leaders. Understanding Anglo-Saxon and American statesmen after the First World War came to recognize the significance of the German problem of existence for the Western world; but they were unable to convince their compatriots."

Injured innocent as usual. But when it comes to his arguments against the court (which included a Russian judge) which condemned him to death, I feel a certain sympathy with him. It is one thing (which could be done by municipal law) to hang a



WITH MUSSOLINI: JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP, WHO WAS FOREIGN MINISTER OF THE THIRD REICH FROM 1938-1945.
Copyright photograph, Helmut Lauz, Frankfurt.

would like to have slaughtered all the gentry. Ribbentrop merely wanted to join them) and his claim to "cosmopolitan culture" was based on a visit to England and some obscure years in Canada, doing the sort of jobs which young men arriving in Canada do do. That was enough for Hitler to think him an expert on England and the "Anglo-Saxon" world.

His chance—of promotion, and of death by the rope—came during the period of the overthrow of the Weimar Republic—which didn't fit the German mind and would have had to go anyhow. His house was used for meetings between Hitler and von Papen, which led to negotiations with a reluctant von Hindenburg, Hitler's succession as Chancellor of the Reich, and Ribbentrop's adoption as chief expert (after all, he had been to London) on foreign affairs. He pulled off, after that, a very successful deal: the Anglo-German Naval Agreement; and then he became Ambassador in London, and then he did deals with Molotov, and discussed the possibilities of Russia joining the "Three Power Pact" which, historically, would have involved Russia in being a member of an Anti-Comintern Pact and Hitler (as temporarily he did) allying himself with the Communists.

After the Naval Agreement he was disappointed because Mr. Baldwin didn't want to receive Hitler at Chequers in order to make some sort of Pact (that sinister word) with Germany. "After all, who can deny that the Führer's ideas were perfectly reasonable? Adolf Hitler wanted a strong Reich, at home united through National Socialism against Bolshevism, and armed against all eventualities should a military Power arise in the East. Hitler spoke to me repeatedly about the danger of the communist ideology and about the resolute communist leadership which had at its disposal men and materials, the strength of which was difficult to estimate. A strong Germany was to be the bulwark against this threat to Central Europe. Hitler wanted to revise the impossible frontiers fixed at Versailles, and to alter the position of Danzig and the Polish Corridor, so as to restore agricultural areas to Germany and to improve her food situation. He wanted to find a solution for Austria and the Sudetenland. He wanted to be able to sell German products in the Balkans, and to import grain from there. Hitler wanted friendship with Italy; he was ready to guarantee the integrity of the Western countries; and he was anxious, in particular, to come to an agreement with France by waiving his claims to Alsace-Lorraine."

"Guarantee the integrity"; does anybody still remember Hitler's "theme-song": "I have no more territorial claims in Europe"? The obvious point is that Ribbentrop, like the bulk of the German people, was hypnotized by Hitler, and at the chance he offered of a modern Chosen People entering into a modern Promised Land. Hitler himself, in "Mein Kampf" exposed his naked ambitions, which certainly wouldn't have gone down with Mr. Baldwin at Chequers, of exploiting the Ukraine and taking his



ARRIVING IN LONDON: RIBBENTROP AND HIS WIFE. RIBBENTROP WAS GERMAN AMBASSADOR IN LONDON FROM 1936 TO 1938.



DURING WORLD WAR I: RIBBENTROP IN UNIFORM. HE SERVED WITH THE HUSSARS AND WON THE IRON CROSS, 1ST CLASS.

Illustrations reproduced from "The Ribbentrop Memoirs"; by courtesy of the publishers, Weidenfeld and Nicolson.

"a bully is always a coward." It is a pity he isn't: we could always call his bluff. Some bullies will suffer anything in order to obtain fame or the consciousness of power.

Ribbentrop was very different. He was a bourgeois, believing himself a born diplomat; unhappily born in exile, he had a desire to better himself and to shine

man for murder (whether of war-prisoners, "hostages" or Jews in concentration-camps), but it is another to invent a retrospectively-acting law which hangs him for planning aggressive war, after trying him in front of a court of the victors. Whatever his intentions, he was certainly an accomplice to the ghastliest deeds: but, as a German, he simply couldn't believe that anything he did wasn't done with the best intentions.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 272 of this issue.



HEADED BY THE BAND OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE : THE PROCESSION OF ATHLETES ENTERING THE NEWLY-CONSTRUCTED EMPIRE STADIUM IN VANCOUVER FOR THE FORMAL OPENING OF THE EMPIRE GAMES BY FIELD MARSHAL EARL ALEXANDER OF TUNIS ON JULY 30.



PRONOUNCING THE OATH ON BEHALF OF THE ASSEMBLED ATHLETES DURING THE OPENING CEREMONIES : W. PARNELL, CANADA'S CHIEF MILER AND CAPTAIN OF THE CANADIAN TEAM. LORD ALEXANDER DECLARED THE GAMES OPEN ON BEHALF OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

THE OPENING OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE AND COMMONWEALTH GAMES : SCENES IN THE EMPIRE STADIUM IN VANCOUVER.

With competitors from twenty-four countries assembled in the newly-constructed Empire Stadium in Vancouver, the fifth British Empire and Commonwealth Games were opened on July 30 by Field Marshal Lord Alexander on behalf of her Majesty the Queen. A crowd of 25,000 watched the opening ceremonies and greeted the Queen's message, read by Earl Alexander, with resounding cheers. New Zealand, which staged the last Games, led the Parade of Athletes, and Canada, this year's host country, brought up the rear. A fanfare of trumpets was sounded as the special Games flag was slowly hoisted on the main flag-pole, then pigeons

were released and a salute of guns was fired. The eight-day programme was marked by the fine spirit and friendliness which prevailed throughout and by the encouragement given by the visits of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Games and his keen personal interest in the events. It was the second time that Canada had acted as host to the Games, the previous occasion being in 1930, when the first British Empire Games were held at Hamilton. Vancouver, scene of the recent Games, is not the capital of British Columbia, as was incorrectly stated in our issue of July 31. Victoria is the capital of the Province.

IT is round about four years since I wrote here about a visit to Greece. That was interesting, earnest, improving, and a rush of impressions. The visit from which I have now returned was—thank goodness, in view of the climate of July—more social, to a greater extent given to the pleasures and beauties of the country. The visitor is told solemnly by Greek friends and acquaintances that if he—or she—would know the real Greece, the first thing to do is to get out of Athens. He—and still more she—listens politely but, I fear, half-heartedly. Nobody hurries to get out of Athens. He—and again she—does, of course, go to see the entrancing archaeological sites, especially where there is a modern hotel, does visit an island or two, and, of course, drives out to bathe in water which looks as though it must inevitably leave indigo dye on the skin. But not to stay away long. If you can put up with a temperature mounting day by day to about 95 degs. and perhaps touching 100, but a dry heat, Athens can be paradisical in high summer.

For lunch an air-conditioned restaurant in a big hotel may be pleasant, but it is not necessary. For dinner, preferably after 10 p.m., when there is some pretence of cool in the air, the *taverna* is the thing. *Tavernas* are of all grades, but in all you dine in the open, in the best, amid trees, and in all, the cooking is Greek. At the humbler, the drink is Rezina, the wine impregnated with resin, the drink of the people and an acquired taste; higher up you naturally have a wider choice. In the establishments *de luxe* the scene is charming. Beneath the palms and fig-trees pretty faces and frocks—the standard of both is very high in Athens—are set off by flowers, notably big gladioli. Amid the crowd at the tables are tourists and foreign residents, but three-quarters of the diners are Greeks and the scene is Greek essentially. Athens has not been socially swamped by outsiders on the spree as some other capitals risk being. Athens also has a great, and dangerous, power of assimilation. To call her Circe would be gross, but she well understands the art of enchantment, and the victim is left, a drink at his elbow, a slave to his goddess, who, like all goddesses, may assume human form.

Behind all this the political world is active, as always in Greece. Here the foreigner is most often tripped. He grasps a few realities, but fails to co-ordinate them and misses others which affect them. In consequence his picture is always distorted and often laughably so. I can only say that I see no internal danger to the Government of Field Marshal Papagos. It is, I need hardly add, the strongest which Greece has known in modern times. It wobbled a little when M. Markenizis walked out so dramatically, and there were some rumours lately that his friend and successor, as Minister of Co-ordination, M. Capsalis, had become restive. These rumours were denied but revived a few days later. Yet there is no reason to consider the Prime Minister's confidence that his Ministry will see out its term, over two years more, unduly optimistic. A certain rise in unemployment is very regrettable, but I should imagine that it is due mainly to retrenchment, which was necessary if the whole economy was not to collapse.

In foreign politics the two dominating subjects have been the tripartite pact with Turkey and Yugoslavia, and Enosis. The former can, however, now be regarded as a *fait accompli*, and the treaty should have been signed before these words are read. There was great diplomatic activity when the Turks asked for a postponement, a move which upset and angered the Yugoslavs. Field Marshal Papagos at once communicated with both sides, and I feel sure that it was owing to his tactful and friendly intervention that agreement was so quickly reached. I wish the other business were in as good a way. Enosis means "union" and politically the word stands for the union of Cyprus with Greece. We have heard a great deal about it over here, but until quite recently only from Cyprus. The Greek Government has been concerned about the question for longer than we realise—in fact, Field Marshal Papagos remarked, before he had decided to enter politics, that it was the only subject likely to cause a difference between our country and Greece. Yet the Government's views got little publicity until Mr. Eden, when convalescent after his illness, told the Field Marshal that this was a British subject which he must refuse to discuss.

This dictum was heard with sorrow and astonishment in Greece. I have a deep regard for the Greek Prime Minister as a soldier, as a national leader, and as a man. I may claim to have had the honour of his friendship for several years. He is, perhaps, not an adroit politician, because he lacks the temperament and the training for the rôle. He has, however, reached his present office not by the usual ladder of adroitness, but because his character and sincerity have made so strong an impression. I believe he is sincere now. I saw him twice, in his office and at his country villa. He spoke of his distaste for the action which he felt compelled to take, that of bringing the issue before the United Nations. I asked if the Cyprus base could be guaranteed if the island were united with Greece. "Not only in Cyprus," he answered, "but on other islands if desired, even

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

JOTTINGS ON GREECE (I.)

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

on the mainland." "With extra-territorial rights?" "Yes."

It may be argued that he cannot pledge the future. No one can. If a country chooses to break a treaty



ACKNOWLEDGING THE ACCLAMATIONS OF THE CROWD: KING PAUL OF GREECE WITH HIS GUEST HAILE SELASSIE I., EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA, DRIVING THROUGH THE STREETS OF ATHENS ON JULY 29.



LEAVING THE CATHEDRAL IN ATHENS AFTER ATTENDING A SPECIAL SERVICE HELD TO MARK HIS VISIT TO GREECE: EMPEROR HAILE SELASSIE OF ETHIOPIA WITH KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES (LEFT), AND QUEEN FREDERIKE OF THE HELLENES. FOLLOWING THE KING AND QUEEN ARE THEIR THREE CHILDREN.

Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia arrived at Piraeus on July 29 in the Greek flagship *Elli*, and was welcomed by King Paul and the Greek Government at the beginning of a four-day State visit. The Emperor, who returned to Ethiopia by air on August 2, was paying his first visit to Greece since 1924, when he was Crown Prince. During his absence from Ethiopia between the end of May and the beginning of August, the Emperor visited the United States, Canada, Mexico, Yugoslavia and Greece.

the other party either submits to its denunciation or takes forcible action to uphold it. The given word of Greece would be as good as that of any other country and better than that of most. Then it is said that

Enosis is engineered by the Church, both in Greece and Cyprus. I am not partial to clerical influences in politics, but I can think of other influences much less desirable; we have had recent experience of some of them. It is even said that people of substance in Cyprus, people with a stake in the country, would oppose Enosis if they dared, because they know they would not be as well off under Greek rule. Now I happen to have a feeling for people with a stake in their country which is not fashionable-to-day, but I do not expect to hear the Government of which Sir Winston Churchill is the head announcing that it will stand for their cause against that of the majority. I confess to disquietude at the prospect of this civilised community being denied the hopes which are so freely showered upon semi-savages.

One solution has been mentioned on the Greek side. I heard it discussed, not by a Minister but by an eminent official or Civil Servant. It was that of a period of some three years of self-government, with foreign policy and defence reserved, with a British Governor and British officials, and at the end a plebiscite (conducted with all possible precautions) on the subject of union with Greece. I am not giving the name of the official, because I did not ask his leave to do so, though I do not believe either he or his Government would object, since official anonymity is not observed in Greece as carefully as with us. He did not, of course, pretend to speak for Cypriots, but felt some confidence that they would agree to such a course. There I leave the subject of Enosis. Do not imagine, however, that the last has been heard of it. I do not believe that it has, as yet, weakened Anglo-Greek friendship, but on that score I make no prophecies.

Britain has left a deep mark on the Greek fighting forces. It may be recalled that we re-created and helped to maintain all three fighting Services, as well as the gendarmerie and police, and then at a time of financial crisis, so common before Sir Winston Churchill and Mr. Butler took office, felt compelled to disburden ourselves of the provision of further aid. This task was taken over by the United States. I find much misunderstanding even among those conversant with Greek affairs, about the finance of the armed forces. Some seem to think that these are wholly maintained by the United States. On the contrary, Greece expends a very high proportion of her national income, much higher than most members of the British Commonwealth, on defence. There is still a great deal of British equipment in Greek hands, and the men of all three Services are clad very much like their British counterparts in the Middle East.

The Army has always been the main Greek fighting force. It still is, and what might be an out-of-date balance for some nations is not necessarily so for Greece because she has far better expectations of naval and air aid from her allies, the United States and Britain, than of aid in land forces. Her military

situation is, of course, greatly improved by alliance with Turkey and Yugoslavia. The chief significance of this is that Bulgaria would not now dare to attack her without Russian assistance, and preparation for this would be known in advance. Turkey, like Greece, is a member of NATO, whereas Yugoslavia is not, though she might well be at some future time. The strain of maintaining the Greek Army at its present strength has become too great. It renders economic progress towards the goal of economic self-sufficiency set by the present Government impossible. The decision has therefore been taken to maintain only three of the nine divisions in a state of "D-Day readiness." This measure naturally makes mobilisation a more difficult problem than ever.

The General Staff seems to view the prospect with considerable optimism. Yet it cannot be disguised that both mobilisation and supply are threatened by weak communications. The Greek Air Force is small, but the pilots are excellent, partly, I suppose, because the mental and physical reflexes of the average Greek are rapid. It is now being re-equipped with Canadian Sabres. In the air, however, Greece must rely heavily on her NATO partners. The country is not one in which airfield sites are easily found, but there are a substantial number of airfields which can take any type of aircraft, and more are under construction. The naval picture is in at least one respect less bright. The Hunt class destroyers provided by Britain are, for the time being, out of commission for want of funds. No help in this direction is given by the United States because appropriations are confined to American equipment and material. This is a pity. The Hunts are needed for convoy, and supply by sea is vital owing to the shortage of land communications.

I have called the two articles on Greece, of which this is the first, "Jottings," and they deserve no more ambitious title. They represent a hasty arrangement of impressions, and perhaps Enosis, armed forces, and dinner in Athens, produce a hotchpotch. On the other hand, this form, or want of form, typifies the state of my mind at the moment. It will, I hope, become clarified when the mass of correspondence awaiting me has been disposed of and the telephone, hard at work since my return, has been stilled. I also owe myself some sleep. These articles represent the mood, and the capacity, of the moment.



THE WORLD'S SECOND-HIGHEST MOUNTAIN CONQUERED BY THE ITALIAN TEAM LED BY PROFESSOR ARDITO DESIO, IN SPITE OF PERSISTENT ILL-LUCK : K.2 (MOUNT GODWIN-AUSTEN), 28,250 FT., WHICH HAD RESISTED FIVE PREVIOUS ATTEMPTS.

The Italian and Pakistan flags have been hoisted on the summit of the world's second-highest mountain, K.2 (Mount Godwin-Austen), a Himalayan peak which, with a height of 28,250 ft., is only 900 ft. lower than Mount Everest. A message received at Karachi on August 3 announced that the team of Italian climbers, led by Professor Ardito Desio, a teacher of Geology at Milan University, had reached the summit on July 31. The expedition, organised by the Italian Alpine Club, consists of eighteen men, and by previous arrangement no announcement as to the name or names of the climbers who reached the peak was then made. This successful assault is the sixth attempt which has been made on the mountain since it was discovered in 1858 by Colonel Godwin-Austen. In 1902 an Anglo-Continental expedition planned by the British failed; as did an Italian team in 1909; and in 1938,

1939 and 1953, American expeditions, led by Dr. Charles Houston, were unsuccessful. K.2 has taken its toll in lives. In 1938 Mr. Dudley Wolfe, an American, and three Sherpas were killed, and last year Mr. Arthur Gilkey, another American, died after frostbite. This year the determination of Professor Desio was severely tested, and only by his dogged refusal to accept defeat was the goal achieved. First, the party was stranded when the porters deserted; then stormy weather added its trials, and on June 21 Signor Puchez, one of the team, died of pneumonia. Towards the end of July, weather improved, and the snow hardened, so that the party could cross the Abruzzi ridge and push on. The expedition was well equipped, and before beginning the climb five members of it flew over the summit to reconnoitre. The Pakistan Army lent aid in the early stages by building bridges over ravines.



ONE OF THE SEVENTY-SIX SPECIALLY ERECTED PAVILIONS FOR THE GREAT U.S.S.R. AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN MOSCOW: THE RURAL HYDRO-ELECTRIC STATIONS PAVILION.

MOSCOW'S PERMANENT AGRICULTURAL SHOW: DISPLAYED IN ELABORATE PAVILIONS.



SHOWING ONE OF THE FOUNTAINS AT THE U.S.S.R. AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION, OF COLLECTIVE FARM SQUARE, WITH SOME OF THE PAVILIONS IN WHICH EXHIBITS ARE

OPENED ON AUGUST 1 BY THE SOVIET RUSSIAN MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE: A VIEW

HOUSED, AND WITH ENORMOUS CROWDS THROUNG THE FLOWER-BORDERED WALKS.



ITS VAST SCALE INDICATED BY COMPARISON WITH THE CAR AND THE FIGURE OF A GIRL IN THE FOREGROUND: THE ESTONIAN REPUBLIC PAVILION.



DESIGNED WITH A COMPLICATED ORIENTAL FANTASY: THE TOBACCO INDUSTRY PAVILION WHOSE ELABORATE DOME TOWERS ABOVE THE TREES SURROUNDING THE BUILDING.



ONE OF THE SIXTEEN PALACE PAVILIONS REPRESENTING THE REPUBLICS OF THE SOVIET UNION, AND SITUATED MOUND THE CENTRAL SQUARE: THE UKRAINIAN REPUBLIC BUILDING.



WITH, IN THE FOREGROUND, A SHEET OF ORNAMENTAL WATER: ONE OF THE RESTAURANTS IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS, WHICH COVER AN AREA OF FIVE HUNDRED ACRES.



BEARING HUGE FIGURES REPRESENTING TRIUMPHANT COMMUNIST YOUTH, AND BAS RELIEFS OF FARMING ACTIVITIES: THE KARELO-FINNISH REPUBLIC PAVILION.



SHOWING AT THE CORNER A FIGURE BEARING A VICTORY'S WREATH: DETAIL OF THE GREAT CUPOLA AND SPIRE OF THE PAVILION REPRESENTING THE UKRAINIAN REPUBLIC OF THE SOVIET UNION.



BASED ON IDEAS FROM BAZHOF'S FAIRY TALES: A VIEW OF THE "STONE FLOWER FOUNTAIN," WHICH FORMS ONE OF THE CENTREPIECES OF THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS.



BROUGHT TO MOSCOW FROM THE SHABALIN DEER-BREEDING STATE FARM IN THE GORNO-ALTAY AUTONOMOUS REGION: A GROUP OF DEER, ON VIEW IN THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION.



CONTAINING VEHICLES USED ON THE MECHANISED FARMS OF SOVIET RUSSIA: THE INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE THREE-HUNDRED HALLS OF THE MECHANISATION AND ELECTRIFICATION OF AGRICULTURE PAVILION.

sports have been provided. Every aspect of agriculture is represented—bushhouses, greenhouses, exhibition plots of different farm crops and fruit trees have been installed; and the livestock on view includes cows which provide over 9 tons of milk annually, hens that lay up to 320 eggs a year, rams which give a wool clip of 44–66 lb., and other fine farm animals, as well as furbearing creatures. The work of 800 collective farms, 300 State farms and 200 tractor and machine stations is displayed. The Mechanisation and Electrification of Agriculture Pavilion is one of the largest buildings, with a forty-six-hall in which tractors, combines, and every kind of farm machine are on view. The triumphal arch at the main entrance, featuring a tractor driver and a woman collective farmer holding up a sheaf of corn, is on a Brobdingnagian scale.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE Royal Horticultural Society is busy just now celebrating its "Sesquicentenary." But who, I wonder, thought up and decided to adopt that beautiful and com-

forting word. What is wrong with 150th birthday—or anniversary?

Anyway, the Society has much to celebrate, and a great deal to be proud of.

On Tuesday, July 27, I went up to London to do my own private quota of sesquicentenelebrating. In the R.H.S. Old Hall in Vincent Square I attended a preview of an exhibition of priceless buried treasure, dug up from the Society's Lindley Library and archives. In the New Hall there was an especially brilliant show of plants and flowers in season. A sort of super "fortnightly."

The "Exhibition of Manuscripts Books Drawings Portraits Medals and Congratulatory Addresses on the Occasion of the Society's 150th Anniversary Celebrations," to quote the catalogue, was extremely interesting. I only wished that I had more time in which to examine and study the exhibits at greater leisure, especially the books and botanical illustrations, ancient and modern, many of them of great beauty, great rarity and immense value. The catalogue, by the by, price 2s. 6d., is extremely interesting and informative, and well worth keeping permanently for study and as a work of reference.

Browsing around among all this buried treasure, I wondered whether it would not be possible for the R.H.S. to exhibit small selections of these things from time to time, at the fortnightly shows, especially at times of year when the demand for space for horticultural exhibits is not too heavy. If something of this sort could be arranged I feel very sure that it would be greatly appreciated by a large section of the Fellows of the Society.

All this wealth of treasure is doubtless available to Fellows and Students under certain conditions, safeguards and restrictions, but, for the most part, buried it remains from year's end to year's end, and it is probable that relatively few Fellows are aware that these treasures even exist.

And so to the New Hall, where I overheard the show described by a young thing as "smashing." Smashing it was.

So, too, was she. It is always worth while at these fortnightly shows to go up on to the dais, not only to see the new plants which have received Awards of Merit and First Class Certificates—as well as those which have failed—but also the occasional miscellaneous small exhibits brought up by Fellows. On this occasion there was a splendid gathering of the Nankeen Lily, *Lilium testaceum*, shown by the President, and a group of Cape flowers sent over by the Kirstenbosch Botanic Garden. Most of these were Proteas and Leucodendrons, but there was also a vase of that extremely rare and beautiful shrub, the "Blushing Bride," *Serruria florida*. The Proteas never cease to astonish and to enchant me—shrubs, often with a superficial resemblance, in habit, to rhododendrons, and with flowers which suggest greatly elaborated globe artichokes which have gone into silver- and rose-coloured silks and satins, sometimes with trimmings of softest brown bat's fur.

Among the larger exhibits in the body of the hall was one of Wheatcroft roses, and this might well have been described as smashing. If I did not know Harry Wheatcroft as well as I do, I might have felt a trifle reluctant to meet him just then. What is one to say when, having received a generous

BURIED TREASURE.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

present, it turns out to be something which, with the best will in the world, one can only dislike intensely. That was my position with H.W. Some time ago he sent me two of his newest roses, so new that they were not yet on the market. And to me they were both frightful. The colour of one was decadent. The colour of the other thoroughly vicious, and to make things worse it was a creature of ample charms, ample, and overripe. But they will probably sell like wild fire when they are published. Fortunately, Harry Wheatcroft always asks me to say exactly what I think about his roses, and never takes umbrage, no matter how damning the personal verdict. I think his wise philosophy as a nurseryman must be that it takes all sorts to make a garden world, and so he caters for

Drouhin." The same rather loose, uncrowded arrangement of the petals. But they were a good deal smaller. They seemed to be carried in loosely-clustered heads and their colour was most unusual. A cool mauve or lilac, somewhere in the neighbourhood of *Rhododendron ponticum*, or *Rhododendron præcox*. A dangerous colour neighbourhood for a rose to stray into. Personally, I liked it greatly, though it is probable that thousands will dislike it equally heartily. I think H. Wheatcroft told me that this variety was of musk rose parentage. Certainly it was deliciously fragrant. Having examined the Wheatcroft roses, ordered one or two, and said rude, crude things about others, I went on to the Hilling's exhibit of antique roses, and ordered one or two of these. But how difficult these old roses are to judge, cut and at a show, and how charming many of them are, growing, in the right surroundings, in the garden, or cut and arranged, very simply, in the house. In public they are bad exhibitionists, and too often fail to look anything but slightly frumpy.

One of the very best old, or, at any rate elderly roses is surely "Zéphirine Drouhin." I first got to know "Zéphirine" more than fifty years ago. An elder sister, a mighty gardener, ordered a couple of hundred rose bushes from a French nursery—at the astonishing price of 4d. each—and grand little bushes they were, each with a mop of efficient roots and just the right amount of top growth to grow away and flower profusely the first year. In addition to the main order, my sister asked the firm to send one each of twelve varieties, each to be something a little out of the way, and their recommendation. Among those twelve was "Zéphirine Drouhin," which to us, and to all our garden friends, was an entirely unknown quantity. It very soon convinced us all that here was an outstandingly good rose. A good hearty grower up to 8 or 10 ft. or so, it is thornless and tireless in its flowering all through the normal rose season. The deliciously fragrant blossoms are of the purest light rose pink. A specimen of "Zéphirine" on my son's cottage has been flowering exceptionally well this year. It was a panel of densely packed blossom from top to bottom for several weeks on end."



"A SPECIMEN OF 'ZÉPHIRINE DROUHIN' ON MY SON'S COTTAGE HAS BEEN FLOWERING EXCEPTIONALLY WELL THIS YEAR. IT WAS A PANEL OF DENSELY PACKED BLOSSOM FROM TOP TO BOTTOM FOR SEVERAL WEEKS ON END."

"Zéphirine Drouhin" is a Bourbon rose of French origin, being brought out by Bizot in 1868. "A good hearty grower up to 8 or 10 ft. or so, it is thornless and tireless in its flowering all through the normal rose season. The deliciously fragrant blossoms are of the purest light rose pink."

all sorts. Otherwise, how could he grow, exhibit and sell roses which give me the horrors, and at the same time specialise in sophisticated modern beauties of real charm and beauty—to my way of thinking—and also those enchanting miniatures such as "Josephine Wheatcroft," which, when half open, is like "Mme. Cécile Brunner"—in pure soft gold.

A new rose on the Wheatcroft exhibit which greatly attracted me was so new that it has not yet been named. It was just labelled "New Seedling." The blossoms reminded me, in form, of "Zéphirine

truly wonderful display. And now the plant is settling down to a more modest running fire of blossom which should last until autumn sets in.

In a recent article I told of finding the wild stock *Matthiola incana* flowering on chalk cliffs in the Isle of Wight, and of how memory instantly jumped back sixty-odd years. I distinctly remembered seeing, as a small boy at a prep. school at Margate, wild purple stocks, flowering on the chalk cliffs there.

Enquiry in botanical circles—at the highest level—cast doubt upon that early memory. The latest and most authoritative works on the British flora make no record of the stock occurring, or ever having occurred, at Margate. Not to be beaten, I aimed higher than the highest level. I wrote and asked my friend John Gilmour, Director of the Cambridge University Botanic Garden, who has what is probably the finest private library of local and county floras in existence, and whose knowledge of both wild and cultivated plants is profound. He writes: "I see in Hanbury and Marshall's 'Flora of Kent' (1899) that it (the *Matthiola incana*) has been recorded for Ramsgate and Margate, so it has evidently been in the habit of turning up on cliffs on that bit of coast." My long-range memory is vindicated, and I feel as pleased as a dog with two tails—or three hind legs.

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RHODESIA HONOURS
THE CENTENARY OF
HER PRE-PIONEERS:
THE MANGWE PASS
MEMORIAL
UNVEILED.

(RIGHT.)

THE UNVEILING BY THE ACTING GOVERNOR OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA OF THE MANGWE PASS MEMORIAL (RIGHT) TO RHODESIA'S PRE-PIONEERS, WHO ENTERED THE COUNTRY 100 YEARS AGO: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CEREMONY IN THE CLEARING WHERE THE FIRST WHITE SETTLERS' OX-WAGONS OUTSPANNED.



STANDING BY THE MEMORIAL AS THE LAST POST SOUNDS; THE ACTING GOVERNOR OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA, SIR ROBERT TREDGOLD, GRANDSON OF RHODESIA'S PIONEER MISSIONARY.

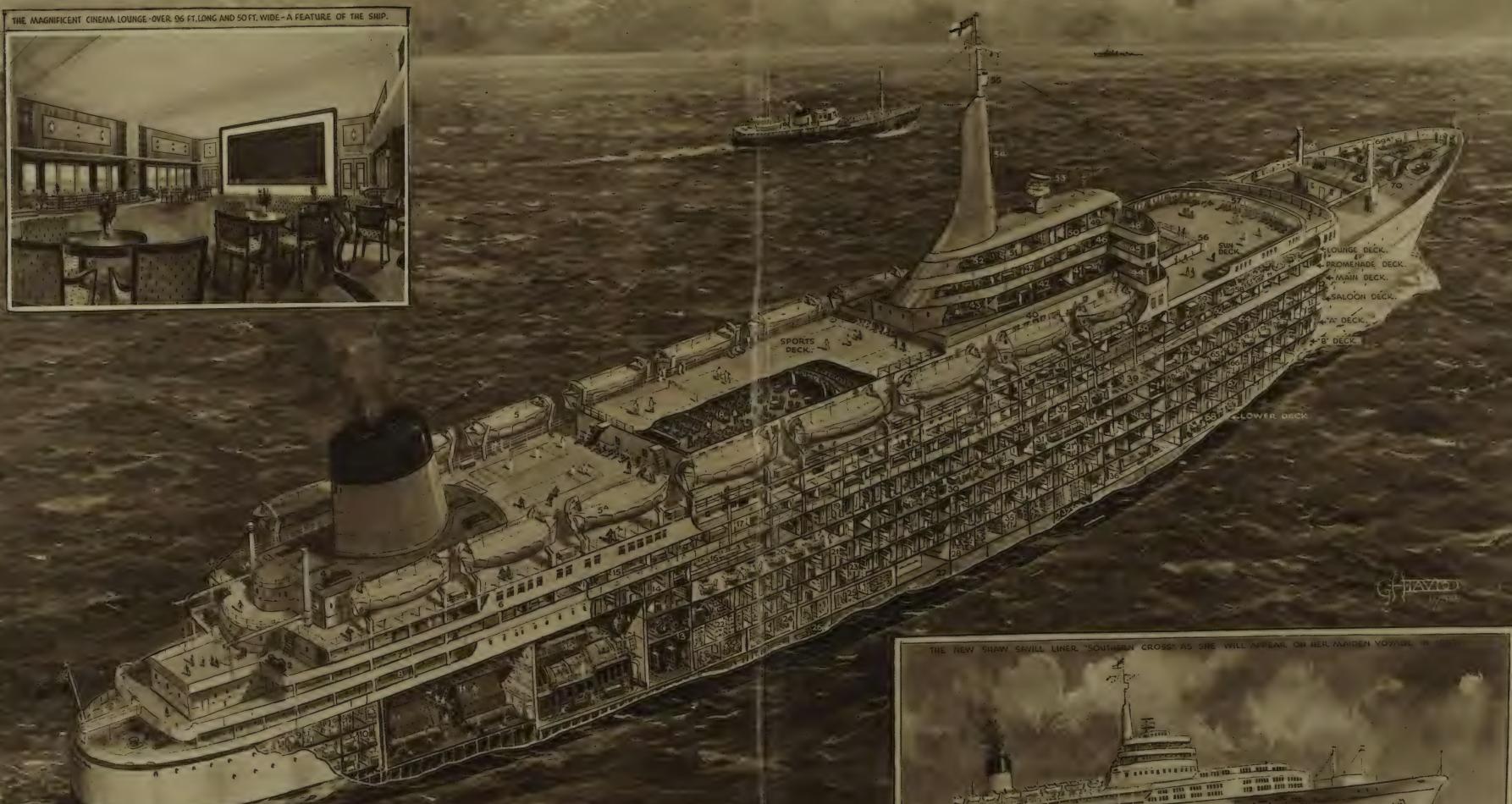
IN July 1854, the first white settlers, Dr. Robert Moffat, Church Missionary Society, and Sam Edwards, a trader, arrived in Rhodesia. They travelled by ox-wagon from Kuruman, and entered the unmapped country through what is now known as the Mangwe Pass. They were the forerunners of the missionaries, hunters and traders who preceded the Pioneer Columns sent some forty years later by Cecil John Rhodes to occupy the country. Among these pre-Pioneers were the missionaries Thomas, Sykes, Dr. Robert Moffat's son John, and Father Prestage S.J.; and the hunters Selous, Van Rooyen and Lee; the traders Usher and Dawson; and such travellers as the artist Thomas Baines. The memory of these first white settlers has been honoured by a monument at Mangwe Pass, unveiled on July 18 by the Acting Governor of Southern Rhodesia, Sir Robert Tredgold—a grandson of Dr. Robert Moffat, the pioneer Rhodesian missionary. Over a thousand people, including descendants of the pre-Pioneers and survivors of the Pioneer Columns, attended the ceremony; and a pilgrimage was made later to the old Mangwe Fort, the ruins of hunter Lee's house, and the Pioneer cemetery. The day ended with a *braaifieis* (the Rhodesian equivalent of a barbecue) and singing round the camp fires. A touching unrehearsed episode was the presentation to Mrs. Jessie Lovemore by three Africans, whom she had known as children, of a photograph of her with them, taken during her visit to the Hope Fountain Mission on her eightieth birthday.



PRESERVED AS A NATIONAL MONUMENT; THE RUINS OF THE MANGWE FORT WHICH SHELTERED SOME 150 REFUGEES DURING THE MATABELE REBELLION OF 1896.



RECEIVING A GIFT FROM THREE AFRICANS WHO WERE CHILDREN WHEN SHE, AS A GIRL, LIVED AT THE HOPE FOUNTAIN MISSION; MRS. JESSIE LOVEMORE, WITH SIR ROBERT TREDGOLD (RIGHT) AND THE REV. G. R. GRIFFITHS (LEFT).



KEY TO S.S. SOUTHERN CROSS.

1. Isolation hospital.
2. Witch.
3. Sampson posts.
4. Machinery space and ventilation.
5. Lifeboats (16).
6. Position of open space for deck games and tennis.
7. After passenger cabins.
8. Doctor's and Purser's cabin.
9. Laundry.
10. Stores.
11. Starboard boiler-room.
12. Starboard engine-room.
13. Auxiliary machinery and Diesel Generator rooms.
14. Electrical Engineers' cabin.
15. Stores.
16. Engineer Officers' smoking plant.
- 17 and 18. Cabins.
19. Cinema lounge.
20. Officers' smokers' cabin (starboard).
21. Officers' restaurant (192 seats).
22. Officers' electrical engineer's cabin.
- 23 and 24. Passenger cabins.
25. Staterooms.
26. Passengers' cabin.
27. Officers' day and sleeping cabin.
28. Officers' swimming-pool.
29. Stabilizer compartment.
30. Fuel tanks.
31. Air-conditioning plant.
32. Officers' ballast tanks.
33. Chief Engineer's day and sleeping cabin.
34. Assistant Engineers' cabin.
35. Stores.
36. Officers' swimming-pool.
37. Stabilizer compartment.
38. Main staircase.
39. Cabin entrance.
40. Position of children's swimming-pool.
41. Officers' smoking-room.
42. Offices.
43. Vent.
44. Lower bridge.
45. Captain's bridge.
46. Captain's day and sleeping cabin.
47. Officers' cabin.
48. Officers' bridge.
49. Wheelhouse.
50. Radio room.
51. Radio room.
52. Vent units.
53. Officers' smoking-room.
54. Streamlined mast.
55. Officers' nests.
56. Upper swimming-pool.
57. Screen.
58. Lounge.
59. Library.
60. Stairs.
61. Sun deck.
62. Two-birth cabins.
63. Chief Steward's cabin.
64. Officers' cabin.
65. Forward restaurant (400 seats).
66. Officers' smoking-room.
67. Six-birth cabin.
68. Officers' nests.
- 69 and 69a. Sampson posts.
70. Anchor windlass.

On August 17 her Majesty the Queen has arranged to launch the new Shaw Savill "funnel-alt" passenger liner, *Southern Cross*, from the Belfast yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff. The liner will have a gross tonnage of 20,000 tons, an overall length of 600 ft., a breadth of 78 ft. and a depth of 45 ft. 3 ins. She is expected to make her maiden voyage early next year under the command of Capt. David Ainsworth, the Captain of the Gothic during the recent Royal Commonwealth Tour. For a ship of this size her design is revolutionary and has been brought about by the increasing difficulties of post-war conditions of combining passenger and cargo roles in the present form of passenger-cargo liners. As can be seen from our Special Artist's impression, the new liner will have a most distinctive appearance. No cargo will be carried and she will accommodate about 600 passengers in three classes. The propelling machinery, comprising geared steam turbines driving twin screws, is to be installed instead of the more orthodox position amidships. The boiler-room will be as far aft as possible.

(Continued opposite.)

A PASSENGER SHIP OF REVOLUTIONARY DESIGN: OUR SPECIAL ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF THE NEW SHAW SAVILL LINER, S.S. SOUTHERN CROSS, DUE TO BE LAUNCHED BY THE QUEEN ON AUGUST 17.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE SHAW SAVILL LINE.

[Continued.]
possible with the engine-room immediately forward of it. This will leave much more of the hull free from obstruction and, together with the absence of cargo holds, will make it possible to lay out a continuous series of large public rooms, cabin accommodation with central alleysways on five decks, and a clear sun deck. As the passenger accommodation will be split up into five decks a large and comprehensive air-conditioning system will be required, and this will make her the most modern and air-conditioned ship in service to the tropics. Danny-Brown Stabilizers will be fitted to ensure the same comfort in all weathers that the air-conditioning will provide in all temperatures. One of the features of the vessel will be the large and magnificent cinema-lounges. The new liner will provide a regular link between Britain and the three great Commonwealth countries of the Southern Hemisphere—South Africa, Australia and New Zealand. Her speed, which is expected to be 20 knots, combined with her ability to observe sailing dates—no cargo delays will be experienced—will allow her to make four round-the-world voyages every year.

THE WORSHIP AND THE WORSHIPPERS OF THE MID EUPHRATES 4500 YEARS AGO: ONE OF THE OLDEST KNOWN SEMITIC SACRED STONES AND OTHER NEW DISCOVERIES IN THE CITY OF MARI.

By PROFESSOR ANDRÉ PARROT, Chief Curator of the Louvre Museum,
Professor of the Ecole du Louvre and Director of the French Expedition to Mari.
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LAST year the main features of the results of the eighth field expedition to Mari—the discovery of new sanctuaries and quantities of votive offerings dating from the Third Millennium B.C.—were recorded in *The Illustrated London News* of October 31, 1953.

From October to December 1953, a ninth field expedition was at work on the site of the capital of the Middle Euphrates. According to plan, we carried out and finished the excavation of the sanctuaries partly uncovered in 1952. Thanks to the inscriptions found, it is now certain that the temples were dedicated to three divinities: Ishtarat, Ninni-Zaza and Shamash.

The first two sanctuaries, although adjoining, were completely separated from each other by a wall which prevented all communication. Each temple had been built according to the usual type of Oriental house—that is, with rooms giving on to a central courtyard left open to the sky. Great pains had been taken in designing the chapel and placing one or more altars adorned with pilasters and curved recesses. At the foot of the altars, tables for offerings and small oval receptacles for libations were found hidden in the ground. At the base of the walls stood low benches on which votive offerings, like those found severely damaged last year, had formerly been laid. These, too, had suffered at the time when the city was sacked. Several pieces of sculpture were found, belonging to the Early Dynastic III. period. Noticeable amongst them were worshippers represented in the ritual posture, with folded hands (Fig. 6). An inscribed torso bore the name of a woman, Pap.E, who had dedicated her statue to the goddess, Ninni-Zaza. A magnificent head, found intact (Fig. 7), of an elderly woman must remain anonymous, as we were unable to fit it to any body. Meanwhile, we wonder if this head could not be identified with that of Ur-Nanshe, the "Great Singer," of whom a small statue with well-preserved features came to light last year; but this represented her in the time of her youth, when she dedicated her portrait to her king, Iblul-II (*The Illustrated London News*, October 31, 1953, p. 706, Figs. 1 and 2). We can also be certain that one of the kings of Mari had his statue made on a gigantic scale. A huge head was found, dreadfully mutilated, the face brutally hammered, and the eye-sockets stripped of their inlay. Hidden beneath the ruins, it lay for ever separated from the body, which can not be found.

Lying also in the courtyard of Ninni-Zaza's sanctuary was a conical stone (Fig. 1), which we at once recognised as a *baetyl* (a sacred stone). Hewn from grey basalt, this *masseba* is a document of inestimable

value for the study of the history of religions. It was known that the Canaanites and Phoenicians worshipped stones set up in high places. Never before had any been found so far in the interior of a country. This is a proof of the existence of religious observances common to the Semites of the Euphrates Valley, and to those of the Mediterranean coast, in that region which is sometimes known as West Semitic, thus underlining its cultural unity.

In this connection the *baetyl* of Mari, which was venerated at the latest during the middle of the Third Millennium B.C., is one of the most ancient, if not the oldest, monument of its kind, belonging to the Semitic

The third sanctuary was dedicated to the sun-god, Shamash. Last year, owing to the lack of an explicit inscription, we were only able to express a hypothesis. Now, however, thanks to an inscription which leaves no room for doubt, the hypothesis has become a certainty. Actually, it was whilst clearing the upper architectural level, which we dated from the beginning of the Second Millennium B.C., that we discovered, in the foundations, nine foundation-deposits, each one composed of a large terra-cotta slab (Fig. 8) engraved with a magnificent inscription of 157 lines. This epigraphic document was at once deciphered by Professor G. Dossin, who identified the lengthy dedication to the god Shamash of a temple built by the king of Mari, Iahdun-Lim (Fig. 9). It attests his gratitude for all the protection with which the god had surrounded him during his reign, distinguished by his victories over sundry of his enemies, and, above all, by the fact that the soldiers of Mari had



FIG. 1. THE CONICAL SACRED STONE FOUND IN THE SANCTUARY OF THE GODDESS NINNI-ZAZA AT MARI, DATING FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE THIRD MILLENNIUM B.C., AND ONE OF THE OLDEST, IF NOT THE OLDEST, MONUMENT OF ITS KIND BELONGING TO A SEMITIC CULT.

cult. In the courtyard of the temple of Ninni-Zaza, where it was erected, it became the object of solemn ceremonies and processions. In fact, the ground of the courtyard was ornamented with strips of bitumen rolled out like a carpet in the shape of a big square.

It is easy to visualise the processions of priests circling and re-circling around this sacred emblem set up for their adoration and that of its devotees.

reached the shores of the Mediterranean. It is easy to understand how Iahdun-Lim wished to give thanks to his god, and at the same time to ensure his future protection. By hiding in the basement of the temple of Shamash nine terra-cotta flagstones, King Iahdun-Lim keeps faith with his predecessors, as six other deposits of the contemporary epochs of Ur III. or Early Dynastic had been used by him.

This carefully-built foundation masked a small edifice which still remains a mystery to us. Actually it was found to conceal an enormous pit (Fig. 2), filled with a mixture of earth and gravel, which gave the impression of having been recently deposited there, owing to the ease with which it was removed by our shovels. This pit, when emptied, contained only a few potsherds. We are still in ignorance of the reason for which it was originally dug here. All we know is that it was surrounded by the deposits of Iahdun-Lim, arranged as symmetrically as candles around a catafalque. A royal sepulchre, violated but still venerated, or a *gigunu* (ritual marriage bower), placed in the heart of a temple? Either hypothesis is possible, but we are unable to decide which to choose.

Taking advantage of the opportunity, we dug down beneath the base of the pit, thus transforming this sector of the dig into a stratigraphical excavation. We were able to reach virgin soil (7 m. 90 cms. = 25 ft. 11 ins.) and so to make some important verifications. Certain documents found proved to be precisely similar to some unearthed from the low levels at Chagar-Bazar, and at Nineveh V.; in particular, the grey pottery with incised decoration (Fig. 14). The synchronisations are therefore proved, but in particular there is now definite evidence of the homogeneity of the civilisations of the Fourth Millennium B.C. from the Khabur to the Upper Tigris.

The uncovering of the Early Dynastic level of the temple of Shamash enabled us to collect more broken statuary (Figs. 10, 11, 12), and a large number of mother-of-pearl or ivory plaques once forming part of large mosaic panels. These depict figures of men and women (Fig. 5) illustrating the life of the people of Mari, but besides these, there were some entirely new scenes of religious inspiration and in particular some showing the ritual sacrifice of the ram (Fig. 4). This episode is delineated with grace and skilled draughtsmanship, a proof of the perfection in technique and the superb degree of mastery attained by the artists

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 2. TOMB OR RITUAL MARRIAGE BOWER? THE STRANGE, DEEP PIT FOUND BENEATH THE FOUNDATION OF THE TEMPLE OF SHAMASH, AND SYMMETRICALLY SURROUNDED WITH DEPOSITS OF THE KING, IAHDUN-LIM.

STATUES AND IVORIES OF 4500-YEAR-OLD MARI,
AND AN AKKADIAN PERIOD CYLINDER SEAL.



FIG. 3. A FINE CYLINDER SEAL OF THE AKKADIAN PERIOD. IT SHOWS THE GOD ANU SEATED ON A MOUNTAIN, FROM WHICH GUSH THE WATERS OF ABUNDANCE.



FIG. 4. NEW AND UNIQUE EXAMPLES OF IVORY MOSAIC WORK FOUND IN THE TEMPLE OF SHAMASH, SHOWING IN DETAIL THE RITUAL SACRIFICE OF THE RAM.



FIG. 5. MEN AND WOMEN OF MARI, SHOWN IN SMALL IVORY PLAQUES, WHICH WERE USED IN A MOSAIC WORK WITH MOTHER-OF-PEARL, BY THE CRAFTSMEN OF MARI.

Continued from page 258.]
who specialised in these two delicate mediums, ivory and mother-of-pearl. Whilst excavating the northern limits of the temple of Shamash, we discovered a new building, the base of which was almost square (15 m. 30 by 14 m. 30—50 ft. 2½ ins. by 46 ft. 10½ ins.), the façades of which were entirely decorated with pilasters and redans (Fig. 13). So far, no entrance is visible, and we do not yet understand the reason for this mysterious edifice, preserved up to a height of more than 2 m (6 ft. 6½ ins.), and which, for the time being, we have named the "Redans Monument." We believe it to have been built by one of the kings of the Second Millennium B.C. Our last expedition confirmed the evidence that the city of Mari was brutally destroyed in the middle of the Third Millennium B.C., and we are more than ever convinced that it was Sargon of Akkad who ordered this wholesale destruction, but until a specific document to this effect is discovered at Mari, doubt must remain. Although in ruins, Mari was certainly not abandoned, for we have proof that it was inhabited during the Akkadian period. Three years ago, we recovered a cylinder

[Continued on page 260.]



FIG. 6. THE FINE STATUE OF A WORSHIPPER WITH FOLDED HANDS, FOUND AMONG THE SANCTUARIES OF MARI. NOTE THE POSITION OF THE FEET.



FIG. 7. PERHAPS THE "GREAT SINGER," UR-NANSHE, IN OLD AGE: A MAGNIFICENT SCULPTURED HEAD OF AN ELDERLY WOMAN, FOUND RECENTLY IN THE SANCTUARIES OF MARI. A STATUE OF UR-NANSHE IN YOUTH WAS RECORDED LAST YEAR.

THE TRIUMPHS AND DISASTERS OF ANCIENT MARI, AND
IAHDUN-LIM'S GRATITUDE TO THE GOD SHAMASH.



FIG. 8. ONE OF NINE TERRA-COTTA SLABS, FOUNDATION DEPOSITS ON WHICH THE KING, IAHDUN-LIM, RECORDED HIS GRATITUDE TO THE GOD SHAMASH FOR HIS CONQUESTS.



FIG. 9. ONE OF KING IAHDUN-LIM'S FOUNDATION DEPOSITS (FIG. 8): AMONG THE TRIUMPHS IT RECORDS THE MOST NOTABLE IS THAT THE SOLDIERS OF MARI HAD REACHED THE MEDITERRANEAN.



FIG. 10. BATTERED AND DEPRIVED OF THE EYE-INSETS, BUT STILL DISTINGUISHABLE AS A MASTERLY PORTRAIT: AN ALABASTER HEAD OF A MAN.



FIG. 11. PROOF OF THE SAVAGE DESTRUCTION OF THE SACK OF MARI: BROKEN STATUE BASES, SHOWING PAIRS OF FEET WITH THE LEFT FOOT ADVANCED IN THE EGYPTIAN MANNER.



FIG. 12. HOLDING A BRANCH WITH THE ARM WHICH EMERGES FROM A FOLD OF THE CAPE: THE HEADLESS STATUE OF A FEMALE WORSHIPPER.



FIG. 13. CALLED BY PROFESSOR PARROT THE "REDANS MONUMENT": A CRYPTIC BUILDING, WHOSE ENTRANCE IS NOT YET FOUND. IT RECALLS THE EARLY MASTABAS OF SAKKARA.

Continued from page 259.
seal of Nam-Zi. Last year we found a still finer specimen in the name of the god Anu, shown seated on the mountain, from which gushed forth the waters of abundance (Fig. 3). More than ever it has become essential to record anything found at Mari bearing the Akkadian mark, for between the great and dazzling Early Dynastic period and the revival of the Ur III. period, the intermediary link is missing, though it is hard to believe that it does not exist.



FIG. 14. FOUND BELOW THE GREAT PIT (FIG. 2) OF THE TEMPLE OF SHAMASH: A GREY POT WITH INCISED DECORATION. FOURTH MILLENNIUM B.C.

TWO STORIES OF THE SEA: THE DETENTION OF THE JAROSLAW DABROWSKI AND THE SALVAGING OF THE MILDRID.



BOARDED AND DETAINED BY THE THAMES RIVER POLICE: THE 3270-TON POLISH SHIP JAROSLAW DABROWSKI. UNDER A WRIT OF HABEAS CORPUS THE POLICE TOOK ASHORE A STOWAWAY, ANTONI KLINOWICZ, SAID TO BE SEEKING POLITICAL ASYLUM.



POLICE OFFICERS AND OTHER OFFICIALS LEAVING THE JAROSLAW DABROWSKI, IN WOOLWICH REACH, AFTER INVESTIGATING THE FINDING OF A POLISH STOWAWAY.



TELLING THE STORY OF HIS ESCAPE FROM POLAND: ANTONI KLINOWICZ DURING A PRESS CONFERENCE AT THE POLISH EX-COMBATANTS ASSOCIATION HEADQUARTERS, LONDON.

SHORTLY before midnight on July 31, following the granting of a writ of *habeas corpus* by Lord Goddard, the Lord Chief Justice, about eighty police officers, headed by Sir John Nott, Bt., M.P., boarded the Polish ship *Jaroslaw Dabrowski*, lying in the Thames, and took ashore twenty-four-year-old Pole Antoni Klinowicz, whom the police had reason to suppose was seeking political asylum in Britain, while he was being detained against his will. On August 4 the Polish Embassy in London put forward a Note to the Foreign Office which protested against "the forcible removal from the ship of a Polish citizen and demands the return of Klinowicz. This was denied by the Home Office, who stated that the only force used by the police was in view of the hostile attitude of the crew, in self-defence.



AFTER BOARDING THE JAROSLAW DABROWSKI: SENIOR POLICE OFFICIALS IN A LAUNCH AT WOOLWICH PIER. ALSO IN THE POLISH SHIP WAS THE AMERICAN DR. JOSEPH CORT, ON HIS WAY TO CZECHOSLOVAKIA TO SEEK ASYLUM.



ASSISTING THE NORWEGIAN FREIGHTER MILDRID, WHICH CAUGHT FIRE OFF ALDEBURGH, SUFFOLK: THE TUG TURMOIL, FAMED FOR HER EFFORTS TO SAVE THE FLYING ENTERPRISE IN 1952.



STILL BURNING AFTER THREE DAYS: THE MILDRID (205 TONS) HALF A MILE OFF FELIXSTOWE. EARLIER HER CREW AND PASSENGERS HAD TO ABANDON SHIP.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

PRIVATE LIFE OF A WOOD RAT.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

WOOD RATS are found over most of southern and western North America and also in some of the eastern States of the U.S.A. Very much like the common or garden rat in general appearance, they are coloured various shades of brown or buff, with pale under-parts. Their special feature is that they build houses. These have been variously called dens, huts or nests. The name "house" is, however, the more appropriate. Constructed of sticks and other vegetation, a house comprises a recognisable body and a roof. There are several entrances, sometimes on two levels, opening into passage-ways. The passages in turn open into various chambers serving either as nests, food stores or middens. Two American zoologists studied over a period of ten years the habits of one species, the dusky-footed wood rat (J. M. Linsdale and L. P. Tevis, Jnr., *The Dusky-footed Wood Rat*: University of California Press, 1951, 664 pp., 384 figs.).

The results of these studies are set forth in some 300,000 words. In spite of the size of the book, which contains only factual information, the details of observations made, its authors felt constrained to remark that the evidence they had been able to collect on the behaviour of this one species was still insufficient to enable them to give a complete account of its normal behaviour. Nothing could better illustrate the difficulty of filling in the story of the private lives of animals, nor better demonstrate how much remains to be learned.

One of the first difficulties Linsdale and Tevis encountered, a familiar one where mammals are concerned, is that the wood rat works mainly at night. If active during the day the rat seeks the shadows and shuns the light. Even on moonlit nights, when the human observer has a better chance of seeing nocturnal animals, the wood rat is apt to stay at home and sleep; and an electric torch used on a dark night did little

observers, a trapped female would give birth while in the trap, affording information on how the mother behaved towards the young ones and what, in their turn, the young ones did. And when the family had been restored to its house they were able to see what happened to the father.

So we can begin the story with each male and each female rat in their separate houses, coming out at

another; this is seen especially when a wood rat goes house-hunting.

A wood rat looking for a new home approaches a house and smells round it. That examination completed, it approaches one of the entrances and smells that more carefully. Presumably a rat in residence, even if temporarily absent, leaves signs of occupation in the form of its own scent, and the newcomer can detect the signs, freshness of odour and so on. The smelling ritual finished, the prospecting rat rattles its tail, swinging the outer half in an oval, the rattling being caused by the tail hitting the dry leaves in the lower part of the swing. If the owner is at home it will rattle its tail in reply, and for a few seconds a "conversation" is carried on by this means, the exact significance of which is not clear.

This is, for me, one of the most interesting of the many observations Linsdale and Tevis have brought together. Probably most of us look upon a tail as something that trails behind the body. A horse's tail makes an excellent fly-whisk, but it seems to have little other use, and since so many domestic animals, and others, manage very well with only apologies for tails it seems that the tail is an afterthought. If a use be found for it, well and good. If not, it is doing little harm where it is. We are, of course, influenced in our outlook by the importance of the head. The first essential for any animal is to obtain food. An animal moving about must seize its food in the mouth. The food must be seen, or smelt or heard, as the case may be, so it comes about that the sense-organs are placed

in the position of maximum advantage in food-getting—namely, on the head, in the region of the mouth.

It is also an economy to have the brain located within this same region of the body. So we may say that, primarily, the position of the brain and the sense-organs is associated with the position of the mouth and



MADE OF STICKS AND CONSISTING OF WALLS AND A ROOF: THE HOUSE OF A WOOD RAT. IT MAY HAVE TWO STOREYS AND HAS ENTRANCES, PASSAGE-WAYS AND MIDDENS.

Photograph by courtesy of Jean M. Linsdale.

night to forage, sleeping for most of the day. On the occasions when two rats met, the likelihood was that they would not just pass each other by, for although of solitary habits they maintain a fair degree of sociability. On meeting, they would stop at a short distance from each other and, with noses pointed, sniff each at the other's nose. What information was thus conveyed to each of the participants in this inspection remains unknown to us; what "conversation" it may have represented is a matter for speculation. Coming closer, the noses would meet, the rats would each lick the other's lips and mouth, the face and head. It seemed a normal method of greeting on casual meeting.

At the breeding-time, a male rat would mate with the female in the house nearest his own. He would take up residence in her house and remain there until gestation began, after which the female became intolerant of the presence of her mate and drove him out. Usually he offered no resistance to her attacks, but if he did show a disposition to stay in spite of these, the probability was that she would do him serious injury. Raising her head and fore-feet she would lunge furiously at him, striking forward and down, biting his ears, face, legs or breast. After the first attack she would disengage, turn about and launch herself in a fresh attack, again and again; and although the wounds were not immediately fatal they would readily inflame, producing suppurating swellings.

Those males sufficiently prudent to go at the first persuasions would wander about the area seeking further mates. So it comes about that the male is a wanderer, occupying one house after another, either a fresh one during his periods of celibacy, or the house of his mate for the time being. The females also change houses for each litter; so although the word "house" is appropriate to describe these dwellings, and "home" may sometimes be used to denote an occupied house, there is something in the nature of communal ownership. Perhaps there is a parallel here to the way in which human beings change their dwellings even if the circumstances governing such exchanges are not the same.

We are accustomed from the researches of recent years to recognise how widespread is the territorial instinct in birds and mammals and how great is its importance for the welfare of the young. Here is an anomalous development of it; and its effect on the wood rats generally and on the young in particular is worthy of study. Something of the usual territorial instinct is seen even in wood rats, in spite of the quasi-communal ownership. Although a male will submit to the attacks of the female when he is in her house, let her try to molest him in his own home and the story is different. There seems also to be the same unwritten law about respecting the territory of



THE SUBJECT OF OBSERVATIONS CARRIED OUT OVER A PERIOD OF TEN YEARS BY JEAN M. LINDSAY AND LLOYD TEVIS, JNR.: THE DUSKY-FOOTED WOOD RAT WHICH BUILDS HOUSES OF STICKS, EACH HOUSE CONTAINING ONE OCCUPANT, EXCEPT AT THE BREEDING SEASON. ONE OF THE MANY INTERESTING POINTS EMERGING FROM THE RECENT STUDY OF THE WOOD RAT IS THE USE MADE OF THE TAIL IN A "CONVERSATION" OR TAIL-RATTLING.

Photograph by courtesy of Lloyd Tevis, Jnr.

more than scare the rats as they wandered abroad. Painstakingly the zoologists live-trapped the rats, marked them, released them and watched which house each rat went into. Numbering the houses with labels stuck into the ground, they watched and listened, noting every detail and slowly pieced together their evidence. Sometimes, by good fortune for the



ALTHOUGH LIVING IN SOLITARY OCCUPATION OF THEIR HOUSES, WOOD RATS ARE SOCIALE. THIS IS SHOWN BY THE BEHAVIOUR OF ONE RAT TO ANOTHER ON CASUAL MEETING AND IS EPITOMISED IN THIS PICTURE.

Photograph by courtesy of Lloyd Tevis, Jnr.

all are placed in that part of the body devoted to food-getting. As the capacity of the brain is increased, and with it intelligent and emotional behaviour, the head becomes increasingly the governing part of the body and the focal point of activity. To the onlooker it is the most important part. We recognise this, as the wood rat does, by the attention we pay to faces. But tails must also be important. If a rat can "talk" with its tail there is clearly a wide field of study awaiting attention.





A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. GENERAL AND PARTICULAR.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

MY experience of encyclopedias has been that as often as not they forget to cover the particular point I happen to be puzzling about at the moment. This is invariably concerned with some obscure relationship between this and that, and when the book, which has occupied heaven knows how many learned-man-hours during years and years, does not provide an immediate and fully-documented answer I am liable to get mad and consign encyclopedias and encyclopedists to whatever dim, cobwebbed attic of the house of knowledge Providence has ultimately set aside for them. This is abominably unfair, if only because curiosity is inexhaustible and answers (as opposed to speculation) are, in the nature of things, finite; moreover, it is scarcely cricket to ask awkward questions without first giving due notice. Further still, we are all liable to fling questions about which do not admit of a direct answer. In consequence, the impatient in search of absolute truth are warned that the Encyclopaedia under review at the moment is not only concise (as it claims to be in its title) but is far from complete. Probably it never can be completed, for it would appear to be beyond the wit of man to deal with every possible interest, from illuminated manuscripts to, shall we say, glass paper-weights. I dare say it would be simple enough to tear parts of this book to pieces on the ground that the judgment of the various authors who have contributed to it does not necessarily agree with your own. But encyclopedias exist mainly to provide facts not opinions, and this one does provide the average enquirer with all he can reasonably demand, and in a simple form; when an individual opinion is expressed, it helps to enliven the story. This then, is a most useful reference book within its limits, and presumably we can look forward to at least another volume dealing with at least some of the subjects which, owing to lack of space, have had to be omitted. The illustrations to each section are well chosen, and a list of standard works is provided for further detailed study.

No doubt, had this Encyclopaedia been published a few weeks later, one of the books listed at the end of the section dealing with English Pottery and Porcelain would have been "Wedgwood," by Wolf Mankowitz, which is a thoroughly well-documented account of the great potter's achievements, with special emphasis upon the useful wares which poured from Etruria rather than upon the jaspers and black basaltes which, a generation ago, occupied the attention of collectors to the exclusion of that wide range of table services

years of experiment and much money in producing a passable imitation of it in pottery, even though the Vase itself is made of glass? No one saw anything incongruous in such an attempt; it was merely paying tribute to a supreme achievement of the distant past. The author quotes many letters which throw light upon this aspect of Wedgwood's inventive genius and indicate both the immense pains he took over every fresh design and his remarkable commercial acumen.



ENGRAVED BY WILLIAM BLAKE; CREAMWARE WEDGWOOD SHAPES, 1817.

William Blake drew and engraved the Creamware Wedgwood shapes for the firm in 1816, the "date being determined by a watermark on the paper of one of four proofs in the Print Room of the British Museum. Blake is said to have executed the engravings of the Portland Vase which were included in Erasmus Darwin's 'Botanic Garden,' published in 1791, but this is not certain." The Queensware patterns illustrated in Mr. Wolf Mankowitz's book "have, therefore, added interest, since, being signed by Blake, they are the artist's only proven connection with the Wedgwood firm."

Here is one, written to Sir William Hamilton—"I have just now executed an order, by the direction of a merchant in Manchester, for an assortment of my jasper ornaments, with blue grounds & white figures, which he tells me are for the King of Naples. If so, you will perhaps see them in a short time, and I mention this to beg the favour of your correction if

met with the approbation of my friends, and that purchasers of every nation declare them to be the highest finished & cheapest ornaments now made in Europe." So much for the ware to which the maker's name has become specially attached in popular opinion.

But Josiah Wedgwood, born in 1730, a "thrower" at the age of eleven, was far more important than that, however profitable this side of his business was during his lifetime. His real fame was due to his innovations in a wider if less spectacular field. There is, to begin with, the fine green glaze, to be followed by a yellow one, which Wedgwood discovered when he was, at the age of twenty-four, in partnership with Whieldon. Then, and more important, there was the cream-coloured ware—not, as Mr. Mankowitz is careful to point out, a wholly original invention, for it had been known in a sense as early as 1725; but Wedgwood gave it "evenness and regularity of quality and colour." Here his business ability played its part—he presented "a caudle and breakfast set" to Queen Charlotte in 1762 which met with the Royal approval, so that by 1765 we find him styled "Potter to the Queen," and from then on this famous ware became known as "Queensware"—and swept the market, partly because its author was a first-class salesman, but more particularly because of its inherent qualities. All this and much besides is described and illustrated by means of letters, catalogues, factory notes and an excellent series of plates.

In addition, there are details of the various individuals who were employed as decorators, among whom were the greatest animal painter of his day, George Stubbs, and—surprisingly—a man of genius then wholly unrecognised, William Blake. Stubbs, we learn, executed several wax moulds from which jasper tablets were made, and also helped in experiments with larger sizes. There is genuine warmth in this reference to Stubbs in a letter of Wedgwood of 1778 "When you see Mr. Stubbs pray tell him how hard I have been labouring to furnish him with the means of adding immortality to his very excellent pencil. . . . You may assure him that I will succeed if I live a while longer." The result is a meagre list of what must be the rarest of all decorated Wedgwood wares, including the portrait of Wedgwood on his white horse in the Lady Lever Gallery at Port Sunlight. As to William Blake, his task was the humble one of drawing and engraving a series of cream shapes for the firm in 1817. As they are signed by him they remain the only proven connection of this indubitably great man with the Wedgwood firm. There is, however, the possibility that he may have had what can be described as an earlier contact at second hand. Erasmus Darwin included in his "Botanic Garden," published in 1791, engravings of the Portland Vase which are said to be by Blake. In any case, Wedgwood knew him, for his friend Tatham wrote: "Mr. Flaxman introduced Blake



OF PALE BLUE SOLID JASPER, WITH MOBILE FITTINGS FOR GROWING LIVING FLOWERS IN WATER. UNMARKED. C. 1785. (Height 5½ ins., length 10 ins.)

"A great deal of attention was paid by Wedgwood to the devising of pots suited to the growing of indoor plants. Many delightful forms were made in several colours for growing bulb-flowers and grasses. Forms used include exquisite representations of the bulb-shape itself, hedgehogs, bee-hives, urns and 'ruin'd columns.'" (Illustrations by courtesy of Messrs. Batsford, publishers of "Wedgwood," reviewed on this page.)

which some of us have stubbornly considered Wedgwood's real title to fame.

Each generation makes its own standards, and if we are tempted now to smile at Wedgwood's enthusiasm for his innumerable imitations of classical forms in the delicate green or blue shades of his jasper, we might as well remember that he shared that enthusiasm with all the cultivated persons of his age. To him as to them the Portland Vase was the noblest artifact on earth and what more fitting than he should spend

you think any of them worth so much of your notice. One thing I persuade myself you will observe, that they have been objects of very great labour & time, every ornament & leaf being first made in a separate mould, then laid upon the vase with great care and accuracy, and afterwards wrought over again upon the vase itself by an artist equal to the work; for from the beginning I determined to spare neither time nor expense in modelling & finishing my ornaments, and I have the satisfaction to find that my plan has hitherto



IN THE FORM OF A MELON; AN UNDECORATED CREAMWARE CONFITURE DISH C. 1775. MARKED: WEDGWOOD.

"...the Queensware table-wares which Wedgwood developed out of the cream-coloured body he inherited from Whieldon have been awarded less consideration than their virtue and significance deserve. For Wedgwood Queensware was the first English pottery manufactured on a large scale, which for elegance, perfection of potters' and range of decorative style, could compete successfully with the porcelain productions of the Continent."

to Mr. Wedgwood. The Designs of the Pottery were made by Mr. Flaxman and engraved by Blake for some work." The book is the last word on Wedgwood and the activities of the firm during 120 years, and will not be superseded for many years to come.

*On this page Frank Davis reviews "The Concise Encyclopaedia of Antiques," 1954. Compiled by the "Connoisseur," editor L. G. G. Ramsey, F.S.A. 176 Plates; 42s.; and "Wedgwood," by Wolf Mankowitz. Eight Colour Plates; 116 Illustrations in monochrome. Batsford. Limited edition of 1500 copies; £7 7s.



RESEMBLING THE DELICATE BRUSHWORK AND FAULTLESS CONSTRUCTION OF A CHINESE PAINTING : A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE YELLOW-BREASTED SUNBIRD WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL HANGING NESTS, DECORATED WITH BARK AND LEAVES AND BOUND WITH COBWEBS.

This lovely photograph of the yellow-breasted sunbird (*Leptocoma jugularis microleuca*), with its beautiful hanging nests, was taken by Mr. Loke Wan Tho, of Singapore, whose photographs of the pheasant-tailed jacana and its floating nest appeared in our issue of July 31. Mr. Loke writes that the sunbirds, nesting near his house, were frightened by the photographer's flash and abandoned the uncompleted lower nest, but immediately began a new one above it, where the hen can be seen at work. The nest is in the shape of a "pendent elongated egg."

and has a small canopy over the entrance. The outside is decorated with flakes of bark, leaves and caterpillar droppings, which are bound to the nest with cobwebs. The sunbirds are a tropical family corresponding in the Old World to the humming-birds of the New. The two birds are, however, quite different in structure. The sunbirds feed on the nectar of flowers as well as on the insects that frequent them; they have a long, slender, curved bill and a tubular and protrusile tongue. The male birds have bright metallic tints in their plumage.

NOTABLE AIR NEWS: EXPERIMENT, ACHIEVEMENT AND ADVENTURE.



THE CONVAIR XFY-1 MAKES HER FIRST FREE VERTICAL TAKE-OFF; THE SIX-BLADED PROPELLERS IN FULL LIFT.

The delta-wing Convair XFY-1, one of two U.S. Navy experimental fighter aircraft designed for taking-off and landing vertically, but flying horizontally at fighter speeds (the other is the Lockheed XFY-1) made her first free vertical take-off on August 1 at Moffett Field, California. She had previously made several



CLIMBING STEADILY; A CLOSE-UP OF THE CONVAIR XFY-I
MAKING HER FIRST FREE VERTICAL TAKE-OFF.

ter aircraft designed for taking-off is the Lockheed XFV-1) made her. She had previously made several

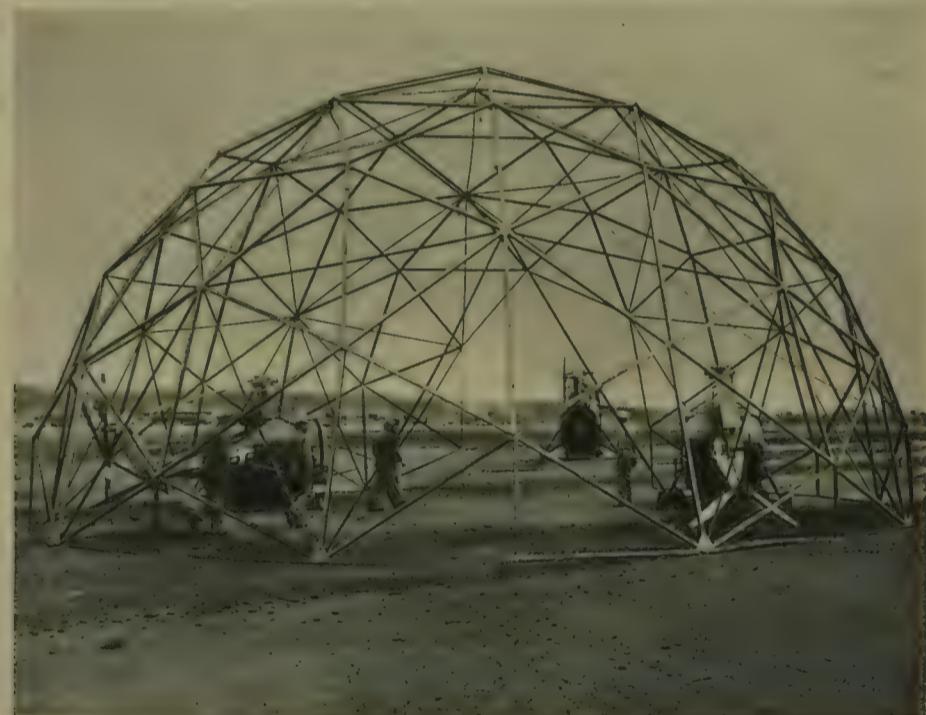


WITH THE AIRCRAFT BEHIND HIM; MR. J. F. COLEMAN,
CONVAIR TEST PILOT WHO FLEW HER.

In the first vertical take-off she reached



SHOWING HOW IT CAN BE TRANSPORTED BY HELICOPTER; THE SKELETON OF A PORTABLE HANGAR WITH WHICH THE U.S. MARINE CORPS ARE EXPERIMENTING.



WITH HELICOPTERS BESIDE IT-TO INDICATE THE SCALE; THE PORTABLE HANGAR, CONSISTING OF A DOME OF LIGHT METAL, WHICH SUPPORTS A SPECIALLY DESIGNED COVER.

The U.S. Marine Corps are carrying out experiments in the use of a portable hangar designed to accommodate one aircraft. It consists of a skeleton dome of light metal over which a special cover is then stretched; and it can be carried by helicopter and thus transported to the desired spot without delay.



DESIGNED TO EXCEED THE SPEED OF SOUND IN LEVEL FLIGHT; THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC P. I, THE FIRST BRITISH FULLY SUPERSONIC INTERCEPTOR FIGHTER AIRCRAFT.

Britain's first fully supersonic interceptor fighter aircraft, the English Electric P.1, made a successful first flight on August 4, piloted by Lieut.-Commander R. P. Beamont at the Ministry of Supply Experimental Establishment, Boscombe Down. She is powered by two Armstrong-Siddeley Sapphire turbo-jet engines. The pilot found the flight "reasonably pleasant."



RETURNED BY THE RUSSIAN AUTHORITIES; A METEOR JET FIGHTER WHICH LANDED ON JULY 27 IN THE SOVIET ZONE OWING TO FUEL SHORTAGE.

LANDED ON JULY 27 IN THE SOVIET ZONE OWING TO FUEL SHORTAGE. A Meteor jet fighter lost its way when on a routine flight from Wunsdorf R.A.F. station, and owing to fuel shortage landed in the Soviet Zone. The airmen were handed over to the British authorities on July 30; and the Meteor was duly returned later.

AT COWES FOR THE FAMOUS REGATTA WEEK:
YACHTS—GREAT, SMALL AND UNCONVENTIONAL.



WINNER OF THE HAMBLE CUP FOR 36-FT. CRAFT
AND OVER; MR. M. AITKEN'S LUMBERJACK.

COWES WEEK, the season's most important yachting festival, which this year lasted over eight days, during which fifteen regattas were held, ended with rough weather; for a short but severe summer's gale did a good deal of damage at the Royal Southern Yacht Club's regatta, which closed the week. In the Hamble Cup for big yachts, Mr. M. Aitken's *Lumberjack* was the only craft to finish the course. A good deal of interest was [Continued opposite.]



ONE OF THE UNCONVENTIONALLY DESIGNED YACHTS WHICH COMPETED IN THE "FASTEST BOAT" RACE; EB AND FLO. [Continued.]

roused by the unconventionally designed yachts which appeared during the week. *Eb* and *Flo*, a twin-hulled, twin-masted craft, gave a good account of herself in the Corinthian Club's "Fastest Boat" race on July 30, but was beaten by *Jollity*, Mr. Uffa Fox's 18-ft. "old man's boat," a dinghy of orthodox design, with Mr. Charles Currey, one of Britain's Olympic helmsmen, at the wheel. *Jollity* covered the 12-mile course in 1 hour 17 mins. 40 secs. *Eb* and *Flo* was second and *Fairey Tale* third.



MOORED IN THE HARBOUR AT THE END OF THE RACING; YACHTS, THEIR SAILS FURLED AND AT REST; AND (CENTRE; INSET) JOLLITY, MR. CHARLES CURREY AT THE HELM, WINNING THE "FASTEST BOAT" RACE FROM MR. THOMAS TOTHILL'S UNCONVENTIONALLY DESIGNED EB AND FLO.

Photographs of "Lumberjack" and of the yachts in harbour by Beken and Son, Cowes.

FROM LONDON TO INDO-CHINA: A MISCELLANY OF NEWS ITEMS.



ON THE EVE OF THE CEASE-FIRE IN INDO-CHINA: A VIETNAMESE ARTILLERY UNIT DISPOSING OF AMMUNITION BY SHELLING VIET MINH VILLAGES TO THE NORTH OF HANOI ON JULY 26, THE LAST DAY OF HOSTILITIES. THE CEASE-FIRE AGREEMENTS BECAME OPERATIVE AT DIFFERENT TIMES IN DIFFERENT SECTORS.



AFTER THE CEASE-FIRE IN INDO-CHINA: A SCENE IN HANOI, WHERE TEMPORARY STREET MARKETS WERE SET UP TO DEAL WITH THE RUSH OF BUYING AND SELLING BEFORE THE EVACUATION TO THE SOUTH. THE AUTHORITIES WERE REPORTED TO BE PLANNING THE EVACUATION OF ABOUT 40,000 CIVILIANS BY AIR AND 45,000 BY SEA DURING AUGUST.



SOUNDING THE CEASE-FIRE AT THE END OF THE SEVEN-YEAR WAR IN INDO-CHINA: A FRENCH BUGLER, ON THE TOP OF THE LOOK-OUT TOWER OF THE CHI-KHE OUTPOST, SIGNALLING TO THE VIETNAMESE FORCES.



DISEMBARKING AT BIZERTA: REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE FRENCH FORCES IN TUNISIA.
Our photograph shows French troops landing at Bizerta to reinforce the French Army in Tunis. During the first week in August 2000 troops were landed from the liner *Campana*; 245 more men left Marseilles for Tunis, and two other liners made trooping voyages during the following week.



FALLING WITH A MIGHTY ROAR INTO THE GORGE BELOW: A MASS OF ROCK FROM PROSPECT POINT AT NIAGARA FALLS.
On July 28 several thousand people saw a mass of rock estimated at 185,000 tons break off from Prospect Point at Niagara Falls and fall into the gorge below. The Point, a favourite vantage point for viewing the American Falls, was almost totally destroyed.



PLoughing-up the strand: THE KEILLER PLOUGH, AN ADAPTATION OF AN AGRICULTURAL PLOUGH, IS OF AMERICAN ORIGIN; IT IS BEING USED TO TAKE UP WOOD BLOCKS, WHICH ARE BEING REPLACED BY A SKID-PROOF SURFACE.



A VIETNAMESE WEDDING IN LONDON: THE BRIDE, MISS YVONNE NGOC-LANG, DAUGHTER OF THE VIETNAMESE MINISTER IN LONDON, KNEELING IN FRONT OF AN ALTAR WITH HER BRIDEGROOM, NGUYEN HUU TIENH, DURING THE CEREMONY AT THE VIETNAMESE LEGATION.



PAYING HOMAGE TO COLETTE IN THE COUR D'HONNEUR OF THE PALAIS-ROYAL : CROWDS IN PARIS FILED PAST THE FLAG-DRAPE COFFIN OF FRANCE'S GREAT NOVELIST.

Colette, the French novelist, who died on August 3, was buried in Paris on August 7 with the full military honours due to her as a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour. Her body lay in state for two hours in the Cour d'Honneur of the Palais-Royal while many thousands of persons filed by. (A photograph of Colette appears on page 271 of this issue.)



THE SERPENTINE REGATTA : THE FINISH OF HEAT I. OF THE JUNIOR COXED FOOURS. STAINES "A" (RIGHT) ARE SEEN WINNING FROM GLADSTONE.

The News of the World Sprint Championship Regatta, held on the Serpentine, Hyde Park, from August 5 to August 7, produced some fine and exciting races in spite of the bad weather. The course is half-a-mile long, which is ideal for sprinting, and there is room for three crews to row abreast.

THE FUNERAL OF A FAMOUS FRENCH NOVELIST, AND SPORT IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.



A TRUCK LANDED WITH FLOWERS, PRECEDING THE HEARSE BEARING COLETTE'S BODY, DRIVING THROUGH SILENT CROWDS IN PARIS TO THE PRIVATE BURIAL AT THE PÈRE LACHAISE CEMETERY, AFTER OFFICIAL CEREMONIES HAD BEEN HELD AT THE PALAIS-ROYAL.



PARADING AROUND THE ARENA AFTER THEY HAD WON THE AGA KHAN'S CUP : THE VICTORIOUS BRITISH TEAM AT THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW.

Britain won the Aga Khan's Cup for International Jumping for the fourth year in succession at the Dublin Horse Show on August 6. The team, led by Lieut.-Col. D. N. Stewart on *The Monarch*, consisted of Lieut.-Col. H. Nicoll on *Pepper Pot*, Mr. D. Beard on *Costa*, and Mr. P. Robeson on *Craven A*. Germany was second, Portugal third, Ireland fourth, France fifth, and Canada last. Capt. P. de Almeida, Portugal won the Individual Prize on *Florentina* by being the only rider to complete two clear rounds.



WINNER OF GLIDING CONTEST : G. PIERRE, FRANCE (CENTRE), RECEIVING THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY FOR THE SINGLE-SEAT CLASS, WON IN A NEW BREGUET 901 SAILPLANE.

The 1954 World Gliding Championships, which took place from July 20 to August 4 at Camphill, Great Hucklow, Derbyshire, were badly affected by the weather, and for many days of this period gliding was impossible. Nineteen nations participated, and they were welcomed by Lord Brabazon of Tara, who



WINNERS OF THE WORLD TWO-SEAT GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIPS : THE YUGOSLAV PILOTS Z. RAIN AND B. KOMAC (CENTRE), WHO FLEW A KOSAVA SAILPLANE, RECEIVING THE TROPHY.

performed the opening ceremony. Gérard Pierre, of France, flying a new Breguet sailplane, won the single-seat class, while Yugoslavia won the two-seat championship easily in a Kosava sailplane. Above, Mr. J. Profumo, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Civil Aviation, is seen presenting the trophies.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

OLD HANDS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

NESTOR was old and wise; but at Stratford-upon-Avon now he is played less as the ancient "most reverend for his stretch'd-out life" than as a tedious prattler. It is Nestor run to seed. We know that Shakespeare is having his own wry fun with the Homeric heroes; but I think still that the man "instructed by the antiquary times" should be treated with some respect.

This may be because I have never found anything richly, overwhelmingly comic in the spectacle of old age. If I must sit for two hours or so watching Pantaloons in distress, the dramatist will have to redeem himself by quite uncommon wit. As it is, so many jests on the subject appear to be the work of juvenile delinquents. The most genuinely amusing veteran studies I have met lately are those of Eric Barker and Deryck Guyler in the sound-radio programme "Just Fancy." They are a mellow pair, their voices coloured by autumn. They sit in a russet October, meditating on a world that has a good many pleasant things in it; listening to them, we forget the tasteless caricature of old age that calls so often for the unthinking laugh.

The subject is in my mind this week because the veteran holds the theatre. We have had at least two plays that would be show-pieces for the International Association of Gerontology. Edmund Morris, an American author whose work has not yet been staged in New York, develops in "The Wooden Dish" (Phoenix) that saddest of situations: the plight of a man of all but eighty who finds that his children will have no more of him, and that his end must be a dubious Home for the Aged. This is all the sadder because the man, a husk of what he was, does re-live the triumphs of his past and can see too clearly his present weakness. He is two persons in one: it is a tragic union.

We agree that his impatient daughter-in-law has some kind of a case. Since her marriage in the little Texan town sixteen or seventeen years ago, she has had to deal with Pop as a member of the family. She has had to endure the sight of his slow decay, the sound of his repetitive stories, his memories of the Alamo. There was never love; now there is something like hate. Her husband, Pop's son, is kindlier; but he cannot outface his wife. Other members of the

the play and that supplies the last devastating line. Pop cannot eat from china or earthenware; his hands fumble; what he touches he breaks. He loathes the wooden dish as the visible symbol of his plight. Every visitor to the Phoenix will be haunted by the memory of the old man, a wreck over which the last waves are curling. They will remember Wilfrid Lawson's twitching, seamed face, the fumbling hands, the

End. Leslie Henson's presence must be the reason for its arrival. The first-night audience cheered him; but I doubt very much whether the author would have had the same reception. We are in an absurdly large sitting-room on what must be a generously-planned housing estate (place unspecified). But the house is overcrowded; in consequence, the daughter's marriage is becoming unstuck, and it needs the wisdom of her grandfather, the resident Nestor, to gum it together again. Most of this is lugubrious in the extreme; it is a bargain-basement play in which Mr. Henson's performance is the only real bargain. No question of a wooden dish for this veteran, one of the old soldiers that never die: he is the chuckling core of a confused, a dense mass of relations, the only man able to say more or less the right thing at the right time. Generally, he behaves like an ample "character part." I can imagine Grandpa being disastrously acted; but Mr. Henson, hung with medals, looking like a wise and bleary turtle, and with a walk on the verge of a double-shuffle, always commends himself to us. In the words of FitzGerald, "Sighs the selfsame breeze of morning through the cypress as of old." (But I wish that the breeze of morning could play over another landscape than this unfortunate comedy.)

My third veteran of the week is Don Jerome, an elderly gentleman of Seville and a neat hand with a blunderbuss at a window. He is not, we gather, very fond of music, and he introduces himself to us with the lines, "Fiddling, fluting, rhyming, ranting, Piping, scraping, whining, canting." A serenader says of him later, "He has a singular affection for music, so I left him roaring at his barred window, like the print of Bajazet in a cage." Don Jerome, the outraged parent of "The Duenna" (Westminster), is my favourite character in Sheridan's operetta, simply because he recalls Sir Anthony Absolute and is acted by that most relishing of comedians, David Bird.

Sheridan's plot, with its amorous complexities, is serviceable still, and Julian Slade has now fitted the lyrics to an endearing score that reminds me of the best brand of crystallised fruit. Jane Wenham, Joyce Carey, Gerald Cross, and the others carry through the proceedings with abundant zest, but my heart must always be with Don Jerome. "Zounds and fury! what's here now? who sent for you, Sir, and who the



"EVERY VISITOR TO THE PHOENIX WILL BE HAUNTED BY THE MEMORY OF THE OLD MAN, A WRECK OVER WHICH THE LAST WAVES ARE CURLING": WILFRID LAWSON (LEFT) AS "POP" DENNISON IN A SCENE FROM "THE WOODEN DISH" (PHOENIX), WITH DOROTHY BROMILEY AS HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER, SUSAN, AND ALAN TILVERNE AS THE LODGER, ED MASON.

lurching movements, and, above all, the voice, the slurred voice that seems to be forcing its way through brier and thistle, a voice that fumbles and twitches like the rest of the man and can yet convey intense emotion. It is a disquieting performance, and a disquieting piece, one that excites though its excitement is harsh, and one that must prey upon the imagination.

I cannot report that of Edwin Lewis's comedy at the Garrick, with a title unconsciously difficult to remember, "Relations Are Best Apart." It is a rough-and-ready piece, by no means tailored for the West



"SHERIDAN'S PLOT, WITH ITS AMOROUS COMPLEXITIES, IS SERVICEABLE STILL, AND JULIAN SLADE HAS NOW FITTED THE LYRICS TO AN ENDEARING SCORE THAT REMINDS ME OF THE BEST BRAND OF CRYSTALLISED FRUIT": "THE DUENNA" (WESTMINSTER), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE LIONEL HARRIS ADAPTATION.



"DON JEROME . . . IS MY FAVOURITE CHARACTER IN SHERIDAN'S OPERETTA, SIMPLY BECAUSE HE RECALLS SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE AND IS ACTED BY THAT MOST RELISHING OF COMEDIANS, DAVID BIRD": "THE DUENNA," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE OPERETTA WITH (L. TO R.) ISAAC THE JEW (GERALD CROSS); THE DUENNA (JOYCE CAREY) AND DON JEROME (DAVID BIRD).

family are brought in, and Mr. Morris has tangled up his plot needlessly: he should have thought twice about the lustful lodger. All that matters is Pop's fate: the fight for life—it amounts to that—between him and his daughter-in-law.

It is a grim spectacle in the theatre; but it does hold us. I find it far more freezing than any Guignol invention. No one can look so implacable as Joan Miller, or sharpen her voice to a keener edge. And it is long since we have had such a portrait of age as Wilfrid Lawson's, the veteran of the wooden dish, a symbol that we meet first at the beginning of

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"*THE WOODEN DISH*" (Phoenix).—Pop must eat from a wooden dish because he is likely to break anything else. He is nearly eighty, and his daughter-in-law, weary of him, is trying to get him sent to a dubious Home for the Aged in their Texan town. Wilfrid Lawson expresses remarkably the pathos of an unwanted veteran; and Joan Miller is rightly uncompromising as his adversary in a new American play (by Edmund Morris) that would be improved if the dramatist could cut some of the more predictable domestic alarms. (*July 28*.)

"*THE DUENNA*" (Westminster).—Sheridan's operetta of Seville is back, fitted with new tunes by Julian Slade (light composer to watch), and with a variety of agreeable performances, especially by Jane Wenham, Joyce Carey, Gerald Cross (as Don Isaac Mendoza, who stands "like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament"), and the inimitable David Bird. The producer is Lionel Harris. (*July 29*.)

"*RELATIONS ARE BEST APART*" (Garrick).—A trite and feeble comedy that Leslie Henson, as a grandfather who will never be in the wooden-dish class, works like a beaver to save. I fear that he does not, but it is a gallant try. (*August 3*.)

devil are you?" It is the very voice of Sir Anthony Absolute (and, indeed, you can spend the Westminster intervals in fitting other Sheridan characters to the cast of "The Duenna"). Mr. Bird's usual speaking voice is a happy blend of honey and new mustard; in this production he even sings. And listen to him in a rage, to the roar that loses itself suddenly in air, and to the startling boom as if the actor had concealed a small cannon in his mouth. Nobody will ever desert Don Jerome in old age. To the end of his life he will be served on a golden dish: a luxurious and explosive Nestor.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**TO BE AMBASSADOR TO YUGOSLAVIA :
SIR FRANK ROBERTS.**

Sir Frank Roberts, who is to succeed Sir Ivo Mallet as Ambassador at Belgrade, has been a Deputy Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office since 1951, with a special interest in German affairs. He was Principal Private Secretary to the Foreign Secretary, Mr. Bevin, 1947-49, and Deputy High Commissioner in India, 1949-51.



THE INDEPENDENT TELEVISION AUTHORITY : THE CHAIRMAN AND SEVEN MEMBERS.
Our group of the Independent TV authority shows (l. to r.; seated) Miss Dilys Powell, film critic; Miss Margaret Popham, former Principal of Cheltenham Ladies' College; Sir Charles Colston (Deputy Chairman), former chairman and managing director of Hoover; Sir Kenneth Clark (Chairman), chairman of the Arts Council; Mr. G. B. Thorneycroft, former general secretary of the Transport Salaried Staff Association; and Sir Henry Hinchcliffe, director of Barclays Bank; and (standing), Dr. T. J. Honeyman, Director of Glasgow Art Gallery and Rector of Glasgow University, who will watch Scottish interests, and Lt.-Col. Arthur Chichester, chairman of Moyashel, representing Northern Ireland. Lord Aberdare, chairman of the Nat. Assn. Boys' Clubs, and representative of Wales, is not in the group.



NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS: SIR H. PLATT.
Sir Harry Platt, Emeritus Professor of Orthopaedic Surgery at Manchester University, was, on July 8, elected President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England in succession to Sir Cecil Wakeley. His special interests are the surgery of peripheral nerve injuries, of the congenital dislocation of the hip joint in children, and of bone tumours.



DIED SUDDENLY : MISS EMILY DIONNE, ONE OF THE TWENTY-YEAR-OLD QUINTUPLETS.

Emily, one of the Dionne quintuplets who were born on May 28, 1934, to Mr. and Mrs. Oliva Dionne, in Canada, died suddenly at a convent on Sainte-Agathe, Quebec, on August 6. The Dionne sisters, Emily, Yvonne, Annette, Marie and Cecile were one of the only two sets of quintuplets known to medical science to have survived more than a short time after birth.



IN MOURNING FOR THE LATE DOWAGER DUCHESS : THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.

A great Scottish family is in mourning through the death on August 7 of the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, aged eighty-two. A daughter of the 4th Earl of Bradford, she married in 1893. Her children include the Duchess of Gloucester.

**DIED ON JULY 29 :
SIR HENRY CLAY.**

Sir Henry Clay, formerly Warden of Nuffield College, Oxford, and well known as an economist, died at the age of seventy-one after a road accident at Middelburg, in Holland. He was Professor of Social Economics in the University of Manchester, 1927-30, and Economic Adviser to the Bank of England, 1930-44.



DIED ON AUGUST 3 : COLETTE, THE FAMOUS FRENCH NOVELIST AND GREAT LOVER OF ANIMALS.

The best-known novels of Colette, who was eighty-one, were "Chéri" and "La Fin de Chéri." Under her husband's nom de plume, "Willy," she wrote the "Claudine" books. In 1904 she published her first book under her own name, the charming "Dialogue des Bêtes" (between a cat and a bulldog).



THE NEW GOVERNOR OF MALTA : MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ROBERT LAYCOCK, WITH HIS WIFE.

Major-General Sir Robert Laycock has been appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta in succession to Sir Gerald Creasy. Sir Robert joined the Royal Horse Guards in 1927 and in 1943 succeeded Lord Mountbatten as Chief of Combined Operations, and held this post until 1947, when he retired from the Army.



ADMIRING HER BIRTHDAY CAKE : PRINCESS IRENE OF THE NETHERLANDS (CENTRE) WITH HER MOTHER, QUEEN JULIANA.

To mark her fifteenth birthday in Amsterdam on August 5, the Royal Dutch Navy presented Princess Irene of the Netherlands with an iced cake in the form of the Dutch aircraft-carrier *Karel Doorman*.



**DIED ON AUGUST 4 :
MR. GORDON BECKLES.**

Mr. Beckles, for over thirty years a prominent Fleet Street figure, was fifty-two. He was on the Staff of the *Daily Graphic* 1923-26; Assistant Editor, *Sunday Dispatch*, 1926-28, a feature writer on the *Daily Express*, 1928-38; and Assistant and Deputy Editor, *Daily Mail*, 1938-40. Since 1947 he had contributed regularly a series of brilliant articles for *The Tailor*.

THE NEW RESIDENT-GENERAL IN TUNISIA : GEN. DE LA TOUR.

Following the approval of a new programme of reforms for Tunisia, the French Cabinet on July 30 appointed General Boyer de la Tour du Moulin as French Resident-General, in succession to M. Pierre Voizard. Despite these reforms, terrorism has continued in the country, and the new Resident-General has declared his determination to restore law and order.



HONOURING MLLÉ. DE GALARD-TERRAUBE, THE "ANGEL OF DIEN BIEN PHU" : PRESIDENT EISENHOWER.

President Eisenhower is shown pinning the Medal of Freedom, with Bronze Palm, on Mlle. Généviève de Galard-Terraube, the heroic French nurse who was the only woman in Dien Bien Phu, Indo-China, when it was captured by the Communists. The ceremony took place at the White House, Washington, on July 29.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

STORIES are usually described as "promising" when one has finished them. Hence the connotation of faint praise—of something rather thin, or, somehow, not up to the mark. In this indulgent sense it applies frequently, and it is never the *mot juste*; it conveys nothing in particular. But, much more rarely, a novel can be promising at sight, and for "The Affable Hangman," by Ramón J. Sender (Cape; 12s. 6d.), I could find no word so expressive. Advance, internal promise is just the opposite of promise as a summing-up; it is above all an exciting quality. Here we are plainly on the threshold of another world, not thin, but overflowing with possibilities, both strange and new. And we are riveted, at once, by a garrotting scene.

The narrator is a "mandatory witness"; and that night he can't sleep. He "must understand the moral justification of hangmen." "The execution of one man, or four, is unimportant, but the hangman, no. If the hangman's existence is indefensible, we are all lost...." So he is meeting one of the officiants next day, in an unlikely place: a café walled round with aquaria. There, on a background "soft and shifting," like the inside of his own head, he gets the affable Ramiro to explain himself. And what comes out is a strange story. Ramiro is no ordinary hangman; the jacket finds in him "a touch of Candide, and a touch of Don Juan." Don Juan I can't see, but there is certainly an element of Candide in his early life; though even then, of a romantic, decadent Candide—the bastard of a noble house, and of a branch ill-fated through the centuries. Not that Ramiro ever thinks of it. He is himself alone: a village by-blow, with a mania for books, and an untrammelled self-conceit. Till, at fifteen, he has a moment of being somebody. As a result, his mother turns against him. His first love, the apothecary's daughter, poisons her father inadvertently—which was his fault—and then swells up into a "caterpillar." Her soul is as grotesque as her disfigurement. Yet he still loves her, with revulsion. Such is the ugliness of life; it is the work of God, yet it is horrible. And in this knowledge he begins the world.

But not the game; he has already lost faith in the game. Through his adventures as a circus-hand, a pensioner of the Duke of L., a kind of honorary anarchist, and a co-opted Hero of the Civil War, he remains steadfastly "on the outside." Now he can see the worst atrocities unmoved. They are all part of our necessity; this is a hangman's world, in which the only truthful figure is an outcast. So for Ramiro, it is just the job.

I have left out the visions and the voices; frankly, they got away from me. Then there are segments of pure realism; these are all frightful, or macabre—far worse than the garrotting overture, which hardly counts. But the main current has a fantastic richness, a poetic depth. I won't say that its promise is fulfilled; but it is constantly renewed.

OTHER FICTION.

In "One," by David Karp (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), we have another type of fantasy; what one might call the latest 1984. It has been much acclaimed, so it may well have qualities I didn't see.

This time, the tyrant-State is wholly peaceful and benevolent; all it requires is uniformity. No job, or citizen, is any better than the next. Everyone thinks the same—or if they don't, if someone lapses into "heresy," he can't be well. Of course, he is not punished for it. He is just quietly treated by the Department of Internal Examination.

Professor Burden is among its spies. Daily, he sends in a report of all aberrancies, or possible aberrancies, in his own circle; and he has now been summoned to an interview. This (if he only knew it) is routine; but he is half-expecting an award, for his outstanding work. Therefore, a vain man, with a feeling of superiority. In fact, a shocking case—one of those "integrated heretics" who are destroyed off-hand. Only the chief inquisitor longs for a go at him. As he points out, if Burden can be cured, all future Burdens, crypto-individualists, are in the bag. He is allowed a fortnight's trial; and at the end of it, after a course of drugs and rather Jacobean bullying, the patient comes out a new man—an inoffensive Mr. Hughes. But in a week or so he turns out to be Burden by another name.

Really, I couldn't see why not. Nor how—since they discovered him only by chance, after a daily contact of ten years—they were to spot the other "individuals." Nor why they should, if all were as enthusiastic and subservient when left alone. Nor yet why Burden's ego was so valuable. In brief, I thought it rather nonsense: and only moderately thrilling nonsense.

"The Toll-Gate," by Georgette Heyer (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), has no truck with ideas; it is a good old Regency romance. Here big John Staples, bored with the Army after Waterloo, and bored stiff by the common round, loses his way in Derbyshire, and finds a toll-gate in the keeping of a little boy. His father has walked out, and for some reason he is green with terror. So John good-naturedly remains; and then, after a glimpse of big Nell Stornaway remains for love. She is not only beautiful but in distress; plainly her worm-like cousin and his friend have some nefarious design. John therefore buckles to, and, with the aid of Mr. Chirk the highwayman, and Gabriel the Bow Street runner, puts their iniquity to rout. The story has a nice, effective bit of pot-holing, a great abundance of thieves' cant, and the accustomed charm.

"Death of an Intruder," by Nedra Tyre (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is an abominable little story. It has no problem; right from the start, gentle Miss Allison is on the point of murdering Miss Withers, her unwanted housemate. The horror is, how she was pushed to it. After a life of other people's sickbeds, she had acquired this darling home, where she was living blissfully with her old poodle. And then Miss Withers knocked at the door. She looked like anybody else; but she had come to stay. And she not only stayed, but slowly, jollily, malevolently took over the house. At first Miss Allison was too soft to get rid of her; and now it can't be done. Which seems incredible, till you have seen it come about. The murder episode is very short, in brilliant keeping, and unrelentingly atrocious.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BANKING; AND CRICKET.

THAT there is a free world to-day at all is due to the late President Roosevelt. That half of it groans under the most appalling tyranny we have ever seen, a tyranny which threatens to overwhelm the other half, is also due to President Roosevelt. By Lease-Lend, by the moral and material help which the United States gave us when we stood alone, Hitler's defeat was assured. By his belief that the real post-war enemy was not communism but "British colonialism" President Roosevelt ensured that hundreds of millions were handed over "hog-tied" to the monster. President Roosevelt was, alas! only too representative of his countrymen in misunderstanding "British colonialism"—a misunderstanding which has led (to our common detriment) many a big businessman-turned-American-Ambassador to feel dimly that Sir Winston is somehow a reincarnation of George III., and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton of Lord George Germaine. There is urgent necessity—now that it has almost gone—for a book on what the British Empire was, how it came into being and how it was in its heyday so admirably run. The keynote throughout is reluctance—reluctance to assume imperial burdens, reluctance to assume military and administrative commitments. For the British were traders, their motives were purely (and in some cases, let us admit it, impurely) commercial. The burden of empire, of which our grandfathers and great-grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers so bitterly complained, was thrust upon us—step by step, but as inevitably as the unwilling people of the United States. It was as merchants that they founded the first factories in Bombay and Calcutta, out of which the great Indian Empire grew. It was as merchants and debt-collectors we went into Egypt. It was as merchants we went into the China Seas. Now that everywhere we have abdicated or are abdicating our trust, now that through the unworthiness of weariness (or through pressure from the United States) we are surrendering the positions so painfully acquired, our only hope is to revert to our original rôle. I am moved to these thoughts by "Realms of Silver," by Sir Compton Mackenzie (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 25s.). Reading that it was the history of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China I did not approach it with enthusiasm. If Sir Compton will forgive the ungenerous thought, I sniffed a pot-boiler. A dip into its pages, however, made one feel like a bimetallist "Stout Cortez." The Bank was established just over a hundred years ago to "extend the legitimate facilities of Banking to the vast and rapidly extending trade between the Australian Colonies, British India, China, and other parts of the Eastern Archipelago." In these commercially-feather-bedded days it is difficult for us to realise the risks and disasters our grandfathers had to face. The Bank triumphantly surmounted them all—the opposition of John Company, the aftermath of the Mutiny, the great slump in the 'sixties, the crises and difficulties in all the varied lands in which it operated, until to-day, after two world wars, and in the cold grip of a third, the Bank stands like a great commercial rock in the warm, oily south-eastern seas. It is a great story—finely told.

I must "declare my interest" in the next two books as they happen to be written by two old friends. I cannot believe, however, that any impartial critic could fail to be delighted in them both. The first is "A History of the Fens," by J. Wentworth-Day (Harrap; 15s.), and the second, "The Art of Coarse Cricket," by Spike Hughes (Museum; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Wentworth-Day's book, for all the delightful and lighthearted anecdotes which embellish it, is fundamentally a serious work, Mr. Hughes' unashamedly and deliciously flippant. I suppose there are few people more thoroughly web-footed than Mr. Wentworth-Day (he must be a trial to his boot-maker!). He is a fen-man by birth and by preference, by instinct and by residence. As he also writes like a dream the result is a book as valuable as it is charming. Naturally from one who was practically born with a gun in his hand there is plenty about shooting and particularly wild-fowling, in the marshlands he knows so well—and it is from these pages that some of the best (if sometimes the most earthy) of his anecdotes are to be culled. And if you want fine, taut, descriptive writing, let me recommend you, for instance, the story of the last stand of the Saxons under Hereward the Wake in the Isle of Ely. The book is pleasingly—and, for me, nostalgically—illustrated with some excellent photographs.

Mr. Spike Hughes' book is also illustrated, but in a very different way by the drawings of that first-class humorous artist, Antony Wysard. In the ordinary way there may, writes Mr. Hughes, be said to be seven grades of cricket: First-class Cricket; Minor Counties Cricket; Club Cricket; Country House Cricket; College and Hospital Cricket (non-competitive); School Cricket and Village Cricket. Coarse Cricket fits into none of these grades, though coarse cricketers may find themselves playing in the company of players from any of them. (When I used to play for the "Batchelors"—Denzil Batchelor's essentially Coarse Cricket team, we ranged from Blues, all the way down to rabbits. I was not in the first category.) While "on the whole the rudimentary principles of cricket are adhered to" the first and last object of Coarse Cricket "is to spend a day and an evening in good company and congenial surroundings." Mr. Hughes tells us how these desirable objects may be attained in the best and most amusing book on cricket I have read since "The Cricket Match," and the writings of the late and ever-lamented Archie Macdonell.

When the ladies become cricket fans, they do it with the thoroughness they apply to the other really important things in life, such as choosing hats. Mrs. Esther Meynell in "Small Talk in Sussex" (Hale; 12s. 6d.) describes how as a girl she became a cricket fan (she conceived a romantic attachment to the great "Ranji") and has remained one ever since. But this is only one aspect of this admirable book which, as its title implies, ranges widely within its geographical limitations. The authoress knows her Sussex as well as Mr. Wentworth-Day knows his East Anglia, and like him she has a splendid pen. I recommend this book as warmly as I recommend the other three of this week's unusually agreeable quartet of books.

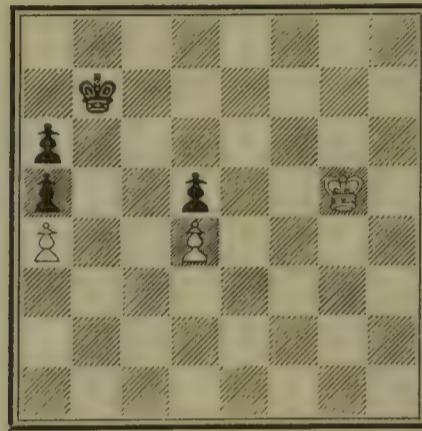
E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

END-game studies composed by chess masters often have a flavour of tidy efficiency which contrasts interestingly with the heights of fantasy which more specialised composers attain. This week's study is by none less than Mikhail Botvinnik, World Champion, himself.

Black.



White.

White to play and win.

Yes, White, not Black! We shall learn that Black's extra pawn on his QR3 is actually a liability instead of an asset, for it deprives the black king of one of the squares onto which he needs to be able to manoeuvre.

Let us try to solve the problem straightforwardly:

1. K-B5 K-Kt3

Or 1.... K-B3; 2. K-K6 merely saving one move.

2. K-K5 K-B3.

3. K-K6 K-B2!

4. K×P K-Q2

5. K-B5 K-B2

We suddenly find that there is no win for White at all; e.g., 6. K-Q5, K-Q2; 7. K-K5, K-K2. White must advance his pawn or repeat these moves for ever, for if 8. K-B5? Black advances 8.... K-Q3 to attack the pawn. So (instead of 6. K-Q5, etc.) we try 6. P-Q5, K-Q2; 7. K-Kt6 (try out 7. P-Q6 for yourself); the resulting play is similar to that we see now), 7.... K-Q3; 8. K×P (R5), K×P; 9. K×P, K-B3 (had White captured the pawns in the reverse order 9.... K-B3 would again be the answer). Black easily draws now, by either keeping White's king pent in on the rook's file, or making for QKtx and QR1 with his own.

Then, where is the win?

It starts with a more subtle second move:

1. K-B5, K-Kt3; 2. K-B6!

By this move White "secures the distant opposition," if you like jargon.

2.... K-Kt2.

Or 2.... K-B2; 3. K-K7; or 2.... K-B3; 3. K-K6, K-B2; 4. K-K7—anticipating a position reached later, in each case.

3. K-B7!

Black has now the choice between

(a) 3.... K-Kt3; 4. K-K8, K-B3; 5. K-Q8,

K-Q3; 6. K-B8 . . . and

(b) 3.... K-Kt1; 4. K-K6, K-B2; 5. K-K7,

K-B3; 6. K-Q8, K-Q3; 6. K-B8 . . . which lead to

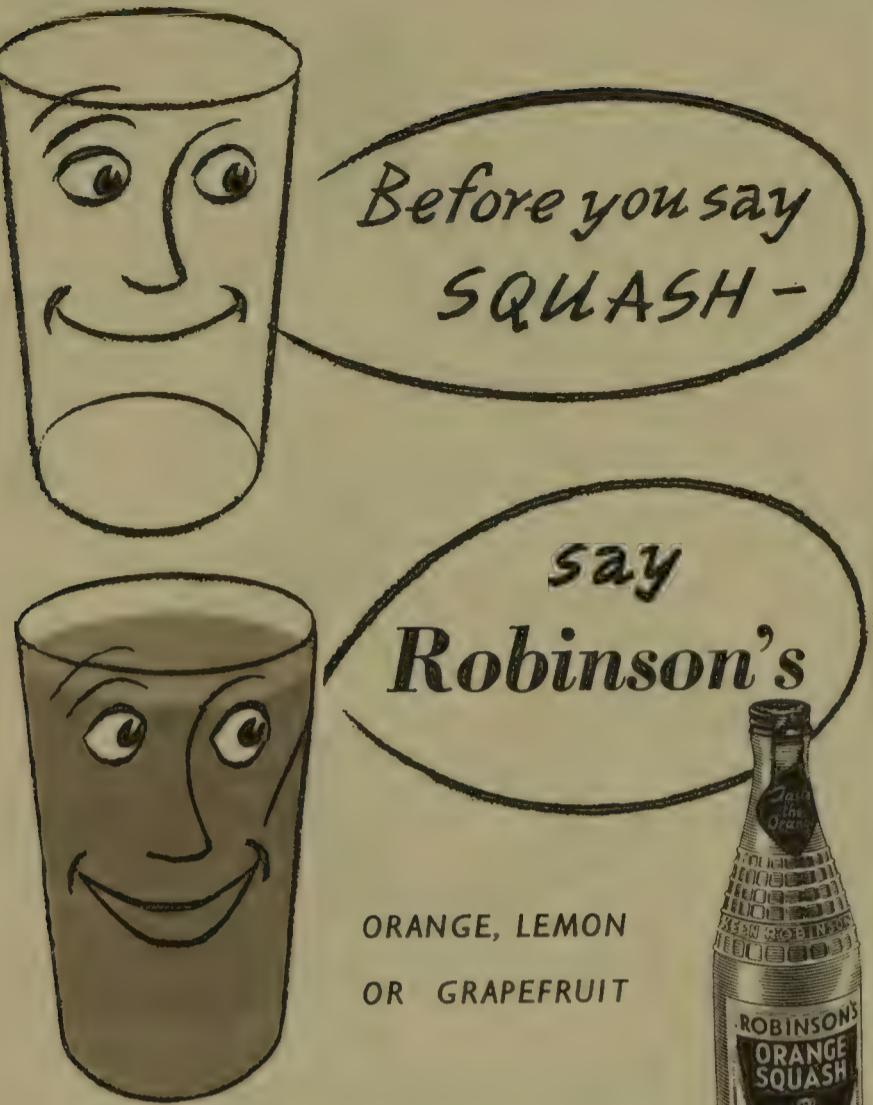
end positions which are identical (the same as the diagram, but with White's king on QB8, Black's on Q3).

Now it is that Black's extra pawn turns on its possessor. 6.... K-B3; 7. K-Kt8, K-Kt3; 8. K-R8, K-R3 would draw—if he could play 8.... K-R3.

But he can't, and after 8.... K-B2 (or B3); 9. K-R7, he is helpless. And that's how White wins!

When the kings face each other, White's on K7, Black's on his QB2, . . . K-B1 must, of course, be answered by K-Q6; K-Kt2, K-Q7.

Soul-stirring beauty? No; but a certain quiet charm.



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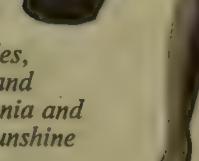
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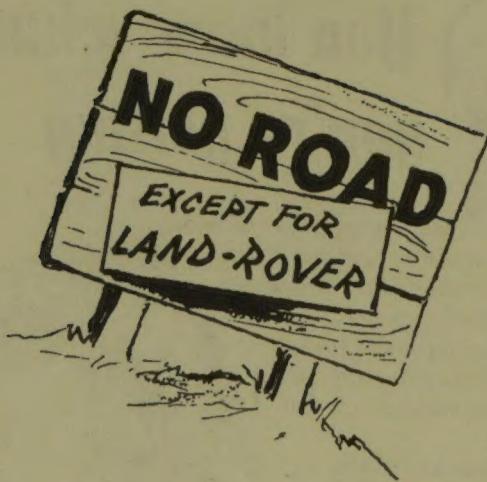
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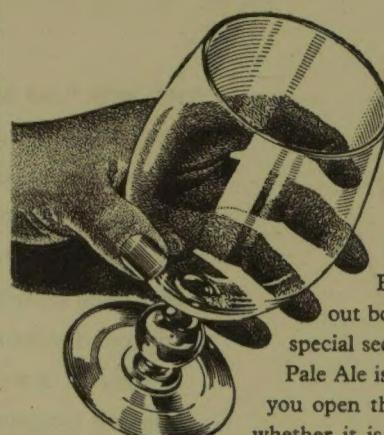
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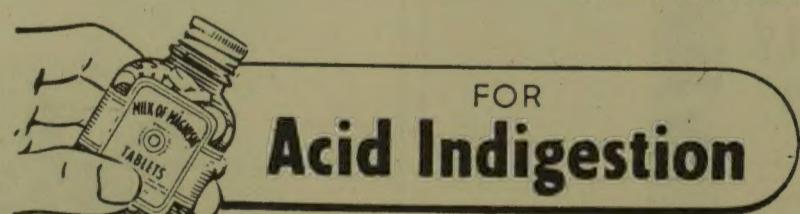
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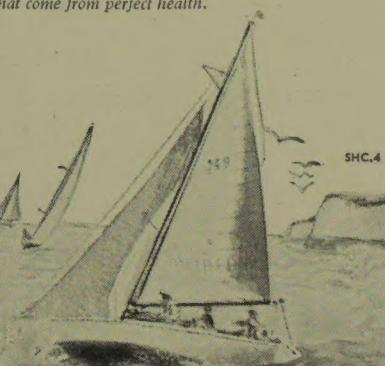
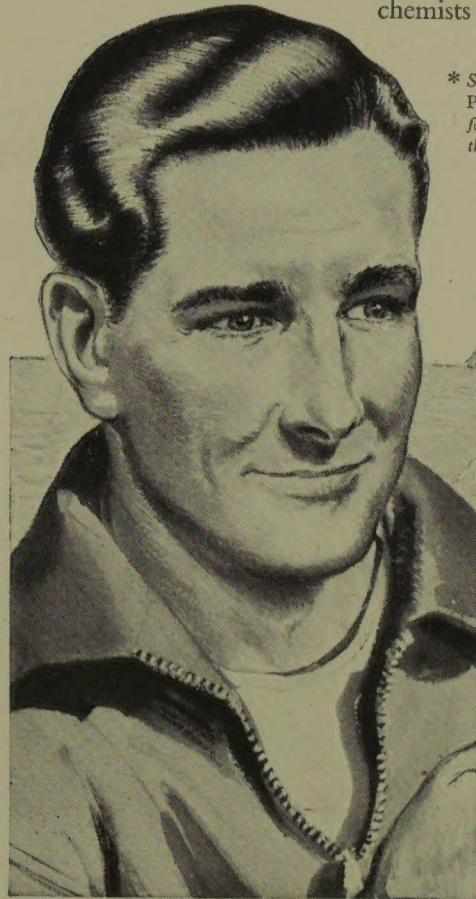
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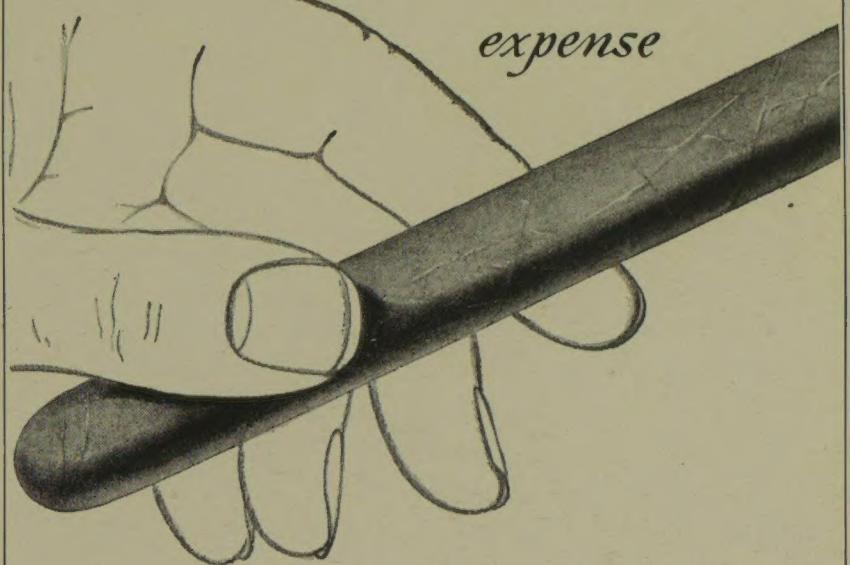
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THE FACE AND VOICE AND HEART OF ENGLAND . . . No. 6 in a series



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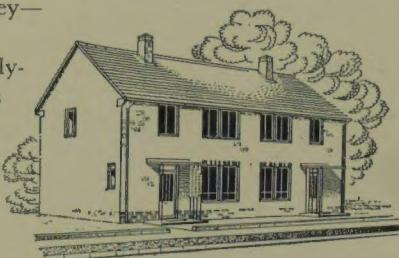
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Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Saturday, August 14, 1954. Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom and to Canada by Magazine Post. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia : Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches : Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.